

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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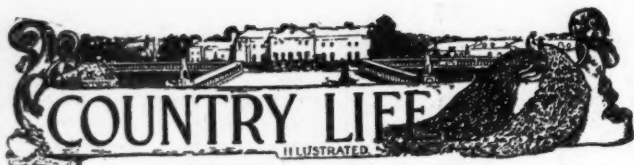
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Photo. MISS ALICE HUGHES.

52, Gower Street.

MRS. RALPH SNEYD.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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INSECT-BORNE DISEASE

THE Italian Government has lost no time in following up in a practical way the decisive experiments proving that the malaria which devastates Italy is conveyed by the mosquito. One of the deputies, in a speech quoted in the *Times* account of the measures being taken to protect the men on the Mediterranean Railway near Paestum, says: "There is really only one great question before the country, and that is malaria." Two million patients annually suffer from the scourge, from 15,000 to 20,000 annually die of it, and whole regions of fertile land are either uninhabited or peopled only by sickly emaciated beings, who fly by night to the hilltops to escape the disease which they have hitherto believed was the result of morbid exhalations from the earth, but which in the last year of the nineteenth century has been proved to be caused by an insignificant insect. "It is a triumph of modern medicine, that the profession in a single summer season has convinced the world of what, in Italy alone, 3,000 years of recorded suffering had not led men to suspect. But it is at least as satisfactory that those who have detected the source of the disease are able to point to a means of protection not too complicated for use. The two doctors who for six months lived in their mosquito-proof huts in the Pontine Marshes, found that by day the disease-carrying gnats were not abroad, and so limited the time for protection to the hours after sundown. On the Mediterranean Railway the best mechanical means are now

being adopted to prevent any possible access of the mosquitoes to the houses in which the employes sleep, to the signal-boxes, and to the waiting-rooms at the stations. The windows are fitted with wire-gauze blinds, so are the doors, and in front of the entrance door a kind of wire cage is fixed, to enable the people to sit out in the air in the sultry nights of summer. Those of the men who have to go out at night are supplied with mosquito-proof veils and gloves, and it is hoped that by reducing the number of fever-infected human beings on the one hand, the parasite, which needs both man and the mosquito to develop it, may in time die out, as it has done in the English Fens."

This seems to us rather an optimistic view of the situation. In the Fens, malaria, or, as it was called, "ague," probably disappeared because the breeding-places of the anopheles mosquito were abolished, by a system of drainage which has altered the entire character of earth and air, and substituted a vegetation and land surface of the most wholesome character. But the knowledge that the mosquito is the direct importer of the scourge is itself of enormous value, for means can be taken to keep it at a distance even in infected areas, and at the same time the discovery suggests a whole series of further possibilities in tracing the origin of diseases of men and animals the source of which is now obscure. The favourite and convenient theory in regard to human, and still more to animal, illness is that it is caused by emanations from the ground. Probably there is no one who reads this who has not shared that belief in regard to malaria. In many parts of the tropics the "fever mist" is a visible object, and people regard it as containing the germs of malaria as certainly as a bath of indigo contains portions of the dye. At the present time rheumatic fever is popularly supposed to be caused by the same conditions as rheumatism, though it is now believed to be something entirely distinct, with a microbe of its own. The School of Tropical Medicine has to deal with various forms of fever other than malaria—yellow fever, black-water fever, and others not producing a tertian ague like the malaria of Italy, and with various other deadly and obscure complaints which, however engendered, do not appear to be conveyed from one person to another, either in food and drink like enteric, or by particles and contact as scarlet fever. Several animal diseases caused or communicated by insects are already known, and more are being discovered, and there is the strongest reason for following up the clue so given to the origin of further unexplained and deadly maladies of cattle, horses, and sheep. The tsetse fly may or may not carry a direct poison; recent enquiries seem to show that it transmits a microbe just as the mosquito does. Parasites which kill by internal or external injuries are rather outside the line of ideas suggested by the mosquito discoveries; but there is practical certainty that the microbes of at least three deadly diseases of cattle and sheep are conveyed by so insignificant a creature as a small grass tick, which transmits the poison exactly as the mosquito does, by a regular "cycle." Sheep in Scotland, cattle in Texas, and domestic animals in Queensland are all killed by sickness transmitted by this disgusting agency. In Scotland the disease is called "louping ill"; its symptoms, before the sheep dies, are trembling, cramp, paroxysms, and loss of muscular power—symptoms of a very deadly and rapid malady. Professor Williams, of the New Veterinary College at Edinburgh, found that in the first place healthy sheep were infected as soon as ticks from an infected farm were allowed to bite them, and that though the creatures bit other animals, only sheep and cattle suffered from the malady they caused. Some such disease exists also among cattle in Jamaica; but the Texas fever of cattle and the tick fever of Queensland are, it is believed, carried only from one infected area where the disease prevails to another. It is also said that "red-water," another fatal disease of North American cattle, is conveyed in the same way. These examples of insect-borne diseases of animals in three continents have a curiously close analogy to the mosquito-caused form of malaria. Only one variety of mosquito, the anopheles, carries malaria. In Scotland only one species of tick has been found to carry the "louping ill." The bacillus seems to be obtained by the insects from a diseased sheep and inserted into another sheep; but the ticks transmit the microbe, or whatever it is that carries the disease, to their offspring, which retain the power of passing on the contagion to sheep through the various developments of eggs, pupa, and adult.

Sir W. Macgregor lately alluded to the need of further enquiry into the tropical diseases which affect domesticated animals. In British New Guinea horses and dogs suffer from malaria, and a horse-sickness prevails which makes it impossible to keep one alive in the forests near the coast. If red-water, tick fever, and Texas fever, as well as Scotch sheep-disease, are due to the agency of insects, it is at least worth enquiry whether these are not also. South African horse-sickness has been called a "malaria," and it is also said to be caused by eating unsuitable food. The same precautions as those formerly taken against malaria are the empiric remedies now in use in the country. Mousing horses at night and taking them up on to high ground are commonly recommended, this suggesting that in this case

also some insect or gnat may be the plague carrier. Cattle suffer sometimes from true intermittent or malarial fever, but it is not common, though doubtless it is caused by the mosquito bites, as in man. But there are more obscure diseases the circumstances of which are quite compatible with a like means of transmission. "Husk" in young cattle is a parasitic bronchitis; it is believed to be caused by a creature which is parasitic in earthworms. "Black quarter" is another, and a very fatal, disease among young cattle, in some forms being very much like anthrax, though it does not seem so contagious as the latter; it is peculiar to certain districts or fields, often rich pastures, and it may be "latent" in one field and never contracted in another a hundred yards away. All this points almost certainly to some insect form of infection which retains the microbe in a lower organism, but which probably, unlike the mosquito, cannot fly, so that the disease is only transmitted to cattle actually brought into the field where these unknown hosts are. Our conclusion from the above *catalogue raisonné* is this. There are some diseases of men, and more among animals, which are known to be transmitted by insects. Those transmitted by winged insects, or by creatures which, like the ticks, adhere to the animals and can pass from one to another, spread rapidly and draw attention to their cause; others, in which the insects are probably not winged or attachable, remain local diseases and the origin is not suspected. Where a sickness such as dysentery assumes a new form, *i.e.*, becomes contagious, there is some ground for thinking that insect carriers may have been instrumental in the change. In any case, insects in one form or another must remain "suspect" in regard to many cases of human and animal sickness the source and transmission of which are not satisfactorily accounted for.



THE results of the General Election have partaken so largely of the nature of a foregone conclusion, that the whole contest has been more dull and uneventful and less exciting than anything of the kind within the memory of man. Even at the political clubs there has been very little evidence of excitement or of interest. On the other hand, the topic of the day has been not so much the practical end of the war—for when it comes to a matter of Dutch farmers handing over armed burghers as prisoners to our troops the end is there—as the preparations which are being made for the reception of the C.I.V.'s and the representative contingent of colonial troops which is to march through the streets of London and spend some little time in the Mother Country. Our autumn, in fact, is to be as interesting in 1900 as it was in 1899, and it is clearly destined to be of a more cheerful character. It is perhaps too much to hope that the glorious weather which marked the beginning of the week will remain with us until our welcome guests come to visit us. If it did, it would remind some of them of the Indian summer.

Very pleasant is the account of the veteran voter, Richard Davie of Exeter, who, at the age of 100 years and 7 months, triumphantly recorded his vote in favour of Sir Edgar Vincent on October 1 and died on October 8. It is stated that the late Mr. Davie was well aware that the exertion of going to the poll would in all probability tend to shorten his days. But, after all, when a man has lived 100 years and 7 months, he may fairly be said to have lived through his allotted span, and Mr. Davie's relatives are no doubt comforted by the thought that his last public act was the performance of a public duty, that he died—so to speak—in his political harness.

Germany's latest note to the Chinese Government, and the cordial approval with which it has been hailed by the other Western Powers, ought to leave no doubt in the minds of those who have fomented the massacres of the white men that they are not to be punished by any stripping off of the yellow jacket or removal of the adornment of the peacock's feather, but that real fines and penalties are to be exacted. Negotiations making towards a settlement may go on, but the Powers, with Germany taking the lead,

do not intend that any other interest shall obscure the plain issue of punishing the ringleaders with a severity proportioned to the rank of the offender. We question very much whether this is what the Chinaman has ever yet learnt to be the meaning of the word justice, but it is the meaning attached to it by Western nations, who are very much in earnest, and the Chinese will have to learn it sooner or later. Meanwhile America, after holding aloof, or making a show of holding aloof, professes to find in this later German note an opportunity for falling into line again with the other civilised Powers; but, though this be the ostensible reason, we may be permitted to express our secret notion that the change of view about the Presidential Election is a more valid reason. Events seem to show that Mr. McKinley need no more fear the Little Americans than Lord Salisbury the Little Englishers. Foreign expansion for the moment has favour with all the Powers that be.

The Japanese people, who probably know more about their neighbours the Chinese than any of us in the West, declare that there can be no peace in China until a government be established at some place where negotiations can be carried on with the Powers, by which would probably be meant some seaport. There, according to what we understand by the suggestion (though it is a detail left unmentioned), negotiations should proceed under the shotted guns of the Allied Fleet lying ready in the harbour. That some such condition is necessary to the satisfactory outcome of negotiations we are quite ready to believe; that the Chinese Government will be equally ready to agree to it we find it less easy to credit—out of which statement the inference inevitably arises that we have no real confidence in the issue of any negotiations at the present stage, that is to say, before the application of more pressure on the rulers of China than they have been subjected to as yet.

According to some accounts from the Transvaal, we may expect a general surrender on October 13th, which will make the South African War just one year old. We have been told so many things of a like nature, only to be disappointed, that we are sceptical of all that may be a figment of the Boers' slinness, but it is said that with many of them it is "a point of honour" to prolong the war for a year. It has taken this country a full year to discover what "a point of honour" is in a Boer's mind. It is possible that we have the meaning now, but if our foes really do show any respect to this "point of honour," it will surely be the first point of the kind that they have respected throughout the war.

There can be no question but that the terms offered for enlistment in General Baden-Powell's police force are very attractive to any intending colonists of South Africa, giving them just the time to look about them with the chance of picking up the knowledge of the country that is wanted before capital is invested. The first-class trooper is to get 9s. a day, a third-class 7s., and rations are free. The term of enlistment is two years, and afterwards the trooper may, if he pleases, go on the Reserve list at £1 a month. What a valuable force this Reserve should be for guaranteeing the peace of the country. It is further announced that the Government will assist men who go on the Reserve in obtaining grants of land and in the development of such grants, and will give free passage to the wives and families of settlers who are on the Reserve list. Such liberal inducements can hardly fail to attract, and surely it is a wise liberality that will people the land with a class of men capable by their training of ensuring the peace of this hitherto distracted country of South Africa.

If our attention were not so occupied elsewhere, we should be very much alive to the severity of the fighting going forward in Ashanti. The natives of that country have shown an obstinacy in standing up to troops under the white man's leadership that has never distinguished them before, and they have learnt to use modern field artillery and machine guns perfectly. The consequence is that our loss, especially in officers wounded, has been out of all proportion greater than we have been taught to expect by former experience of fighting with any natives of the middle belt of Africa. The more honour and glory is therefore the due of those who are conducting this small but hard war to its proper end, and other pressing claims on the nation's attention make it the more right to call particular notice to merits that are a little apt to pass unrewarded.

The Marquess of Bute, who had been ailing for some time, died on Monday last. Our contemporaries have been eager to say that he was the original model for Disraeli's Lothair. But that is not strictly correct. The conditions of Lord Bute's young manhood were similar to those of Lothair, but personally he was not in the least like the young man whom Disraeli described. He will be remembered principally by the Roman Catholic community, which he befriended in every conceivable way. He will be remembered also by the numerous recipients

of his private and unostentatious benevolence. In addition, his estate—a thing to be separated from himself, save that it had his good wishes—and his good money, made Cardiff the most prosperous new community of our time. It may not be generally known that when the authorities of the Bute Estate determined to construct the Bute Docks, which were the making of Cardiff, they borrowed the necessary money at 4 per cent., well knowing that the return could not for many years be more than 2½ per cent. They had their reward in the increased value of the Hinterland of their estate, and others, who had not sown, reaped the harvest also. Lord Bute was also a devoted antiquarian, and inside Cardiff Castle, and elsewhere, will be found works still in progress which bear testimony to his enthusiasm.

One of the well-managed agricultural exhibitions of this country is the Dairy Show, which opened in the Agricultural Hall at Islington on Tuesday. Its most marked feature was an increase of competitors in the milking and butter test classes. The results will not be known till after we get to press, so that comment on them must be delayed till next week. In the cattle classes Lord Rothschild's success was remarkable, as he managed to carry off leading honours in all of the three breeds for which Tring Park is noted, viz., shorthorns, Jerseys, and red-polls. His red cow Olivette Ingram, by Ingram's Hope out of Olive Hanson, was first in the shorthorn class. Mr. Antony Gibbs took the red ribbon in a very strong lot of Jerseys, Sultana II., whose portrait we gave some time ago, being third. Mr. James E. Platt carried off first for red-polls, but Ladylike II., the representative from Tring, ran his Bud II. very close. Lady de Rothschild was first in Jersey heifers with her beautiful Carol.

Shorthorn bulls were a capital class, Mr. King taking first place with Chewton Victor, the Tring bull Magna Charta, whom we recently had the pleasure of showing our readers, being second. Jersey bulls were an unusually good and numerous class, and it took the judges a very long time to decide between them. Tweedledum eventually carried the coveted honour to Colonel Hankey, Lord Rothschild's Butter Test being second, a decision that was not unanimously approved of by the concourse of spectators who had gathered to watch the judging.

The excellence of the minor classes was very notable in this exhibition. Goats were not quite so numerous as usual, but they made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. One would like, however, to see more new winners coming to the front. Mr. Bryan Hook added several successes to a list already long. His Toggenburg Uma was easily first in the milking class. His Gazelle also won a first—a position held in regard to the hornless variety by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's Beechnut. Another part of the show that seldom fails to excite interest is that allotted to table poultry, and here the success of Mr. James E. Platt was very striking—he being first with Dorkings, first with Indian game pullets, first with cockerels, Indian game, and Dorking hens, first with pullets in the same class, and first with cockerels of any other class with a couple of Dorking-Wyandotte. It was a very fine record.

Other smaller pursuits of the farm were represented by a really capital show of honey and honey products. Bacon, too, we were glad to see, called forth a number of capital exhibits, and one hopes that the result will be to encourage pig keeping, which apparently is falling into the background. Many varieties of cheese were on show, the first prize for Cheddar going to Mr. Hugh Hunter of Mauchline, Ayrshire, and for Stilton to Mr. Morris of Melton Mowbray, while the best Cheshire was made in Shropshire by Mr. Thomas Mottershaw, C. Harris and Son, however, keeping the honours of Gloucester to its native county. We were very glad to see so keen an interest taken in the minor products of the dairy.

An incidental observation in the current number of the *Garden*, (which, by the way, contains an excellent portrait of the Queen's gardener, Mr. Owen Thomas, V.M.H.) contains a valuable suggestion. Of the Harvest Festival at Rochester Cathedral, at which Dean Hale preached, our contemporary says: "The decorations were perfectly congruous, as is not always the case elsewhere on these occasions. The virginian creeper, hops, grapes, and corn made no pretensions to look like a fruiterer's stall, a baker's shop, or ill-arranged greenhouse." We feel disposed to repeat the injunction sometimes found in a part of the daily newspapers which is supposed to be of special interest to ladies, and to say: "Country papers please copy." There is no occasion on which churches might be more beautifully decorated than that of a Harvest Thanksgiving; yet the effect of decoration with the fruits of the earth is rarely happy, and frequently coarse.

All those who are interested in the science of breeding animals to the best advantage and upon thoughtful principles will agree with a certain Mr. Thatcher, who writes a remarkable

letter to the *Academy*, or rather, they will agree with Mr. Thatcher's premises, but they will not accept his conclusion. Mr. Thatcher points to the large increase of lunatics—an increase which is, in our opinion, more apparent than real, and due to improved returns—and says that the statistics are a proof of the neglect shown by the human race, of the sane rules of breeding, in reproducing itself. And no doubt there is a very great deal of truth in what Mr. Thatcher says. We do breed our horses, our cattle, and our dogs with infinite care and thought, and with excellent results, but it is Utopian to hope that any similar principles can ever be applied to the perpetuation of the human race. Public opinion is indeed beginning to condemn certain obviously wrong marriages, but public opinion moves very slowly in these matters, and from some points of view this is right, and Mr. Thatcher is a long way ahead of his generation.

A case that occurred the other day appears to suggest that poaching on a large scale is more frequent than is generally supposed. Two brothers were brought up at Altrincham charged with cruelty to a pony. They had driven the pony thirty miles in the night, and when stopped by a constable it was bleeding profusely on both sides, the result of merciless flogging. In the trap were found no fewer than 156 rabbits, which, by the admission of the prisoners, had been obtained from poachers. On the application of the superintendent the rabbits were confiscated, and the men are to be summoned. The incident will be followed with interest by the many who have taken to warrening within recent years. It has before been pointed out that when a large number of rabbits are kept within a confined area, and often in artificial burrows, they are peculiarly liable to the operations of midnight depredators.

Autumn tints are late in coming. Autumn leaves will be late in falling. The result will be that pheasants cannot be shot in any numbers till rather later than usual, and that wanderers from the coverts will be many, unless they be carefully watched, driven in, and fed. It is generally the wild birds that wander farthest, and this year we are told by the keepers that the wild birds have done poorly, and that the chicks are late. The hand-reared have done well, on the contrary, and there should be good sport when a few frosts and a breeze of wind have combined their forces to strip the trees and give us a chance of seeing the pheasant as he scuds over them. And a good pheasant, thus scudding, after he has been 100 yds. or so on the wing, is as good a bird to shoot as the pheasant feebly rising from the end of a covert to a gun posted in the open, and on a level with him, is a poor bird. That a pheasant is the fastest flying of our game birds is a well-established fact, yet how few get the chance of arriving at their fastest flight before coming to the spot where the gun is posted!

There is a pleasant and attractive sound about the New Forest Pony Corps in course of formation. Recruits will be taught to ride and to shoot, as were the ancient Scythians, but we suppose without the Scythian addendum of learning to speak the truth. That is taught elsewhere. This sort of yeomanry in little, without all the pomp and circumstance and expense of the regular glorious yeomanry, ought yet to be able to do yeoman's service in time of need. Late experience has taught us that the ideal battle steed is by no means of many hands high, and should this corps be proved a success (the War Office requires that the strength of 141—a singular figure—should be reached by October 31st), it is likely that Exmoor, Dartmoor, and other regions boasting ponies of a famous breed will follow the example set by the children of the New Forest.

Playing chess by correspondence must be a rather slow kind of entertainment, and, indeed, one would think that a very keen, quick player, after posting his move, must either forget all about his plans or weary his life out while days pass ere he knows what the reply is. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the only difficulty in arranging a battle of this kind between North and South was that so many volunteered to take part in it. The business is arranged now, however, and between now and some point at the other side of Christmas, exactly one hundred chess players will be engaged opposing each other through the agency of the Post Office. It is doubtful if a match on so large a scale has ever been arranged before.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

THE first page of our present number shows the portrait by Miss Alice Hughes of Mrs. Ralph Sneyd, the wife of that well-known sportsman, Mr. Ralph Sneyd of Keele Park, Staffordshire, and the daughter of Major-General Arthur Ellis, C.S.I. The country home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sneyd is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Staffordshire, and Mrs. Sneyd has been not less interested than her husband in the breeding of race-horses.

ROUND SUSSEX SHAWS.

WE have had gales galore this autumn, so far as it has gone, but it is not gales alone that will take the leaf from the tree. It needs frost as well to check the sap and make the attachments brittle; then, after a night or two of frost, but a little wind will send the foliage flying like proverbial "autumn leaves." But as yet, in the South at least, we have had none of the keen frosty nights that we may expect about this time, and it is of a southern county and its sport that we are thinking and writing—of sport in the land where the fences between fields are as often as not shaws, most wasteful form of division, yet most favourable for the shelter of game, the nesting of the partridge, the covert of the rarely surviving hare. These



W. A. Rouch.

OFF TO THE SHAWS.

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wandering pheasant, or the shaws are a blessing in a year

fence, so he planted another hedge parallel, at a few yards encouraged all sorts of tangle and undergrowth to flourish between the two, the result being, as we see, a kind of long narrow covert. It is not covert in which anything will stay long, but it is excellent covert for the temporary accommodation of partridges in the nesting-time, for a hare, for rabbits that have their burrows in the bank, and for a wandering pheasant. It makes uncommonly good accommodation and shelter for a running bird, and to seek out and catch a runner in these shaws is a task that will tax a good dog. The shaws often adjoin a covert, and if they be not well stopped, pheasants are nearly sure to sneak out into the shaw and wander ever so far. But we have seen this tendency of the pheasant well utilised in the shaw country, by making part of the shaw his receptacle until the guns were ready for his being brought back over their heads. Thus, if you have a shaw running parallel to the covert, and another shaw at



W. A. Rouch.

"GONE FOR'ARD, SIR!"

Copyright

of this character, when the with leaf to be shot effectively, a few outsides," with a walk over some roots, and perhaps a drive off a stubble, thrown in. It is a day not of a heavy bag, but of a pleasantly mixed bag, a bag that gives you much fun in the making—quite as good as a day of heavy bag, unless you are a greedy shooter.

A very good idea of the general aspect of this Sussex country of the shaws is given by these illustrations, whether by the one that shows the rough pastures and small enclosures, and one of the shaws on the shooter's right hand, or another that shows the line walking the swedes. What the mischief the South Saxon meant by this invention of the shaws, so wasteful a division of his fields, it is hard to conjecture. It rather seems as though their construction had been on this wise: The man made a little bank and planted a hedge on it; but he found this an ineffectual



W. A. Rouch.

A RUNNING BIRD.

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right angles, making a means of communication between the covert itself and the shaw that runs parallel to it, then by judicious coaxing it should be quite possible to drive your birds quietly along the shaw at right angles into the shaw that runs parallel, and, there flushing them, to send them back to their home covert (whither they are sure to be ready to return) over the heads of the guns posted between the covert and the shaw. To avoid flushing too many of the birds at once, you will, of course, send into the shaw one or two beaters only, to move gently, keeping most of your beating line on the far side of the shaw from the covert, so as to prevent the birds if they should show an unexpected and wholly unlikely tendency to break out that way and fly yet further from their home wood. You will, of course, too, stop off the birds in the parallel shaw

from returning to the shaw at right angles, and so running back to their covert—one should even apologise for naming a precaution so obvious.

This is an heroic use to which to put a shaw, and it needs must be a good, broad, and thick shaw to give sufficient covert for holding birds till they are driven out. The more ordinary use of the shaw is to hold, for the time being, a wanderer or two and some native rabbits. The rabbit shooting out of the shaws

is very pretty, and it demands a good dog to put them out—in fact, two good dogs are better than one. The qualities that you want



W. A. Rouch.

WALKING THE SWEDES.

Copyright

in a rabbit dog for the shaw are much those that we used to describe in Devonshire by saying that their possessor was "a

good hedge dog." This meant that he would stick well to the hedge or bank, leaving no thicket of it unsearched, and that the prickliest covert was not too prickly for him. It was a business that wanted a dog with a good rough thorn-proof coat. Not greatly different are the virtues of a dog for rabbiting in the shaws. So far as they can, the rabbits will stick to the shaws, but when they are hustled they will slip out for a moment into the open, only to dodge back into



W. A. Rouch.

A GOOD HARE.

Copyright

the shaw again at the first opportunity. It is this quick dodging back that makes their shooting so amusing. They have to be snapped at quickly on their first appearance, for very likely they will put in no second appearance at all.

The hare, it has been said, is a rare survival in these parts, but it is also to be said, that when you do get a hare here he is generally of a good size and weight. One is almost disposed to think that, so many being killed off, a fine food supply is left for the remainder, so that they are waxen fat and lusty. That is a good hare that the retriever is just bringing to its master. You may tell by the bracing of the muscles, shown in the curving of the neck and the thrown back pose of the body, that the dog has to use all its strength and weight to put against the great bulk of the hare that it bears in its mouth.

There is no doubt that this Sussex country, generally speaking (of course there are local exceptions), does not give the sport that it used to give in days when agriculture was more paying. A deal of the land has



W. A. Rouch.

GENERAL ASPECT.

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now fallen out of cultivation and into pasture, and this does not suit either pheasants or partridges so well as land that is broken and grows roots and grain. There is little natural feed now in the country for the birds, and they are not nearly as many as they used to be. But there are enough. This little lot, shot by four guns, is not bad for one beat on a day of odds and ends shooting—not a great covert-shooting day by any means. In fact, in this year of long lingering of the summer green and the summer leafage, it has not been possible to shoot the real coverts at all early. We have to possess our souls in patience till the frosty nights help the winds in laying the boughs bare. Then the sport, with hand-reared birds at least, ought to be good, for the hand-reared have done well. But the wild birds, which are the earliest wanderers, and which we are therefore the more likely to pick up on the outsides and in the shaws, have not done over and above well, which makes the very respectable bag from the one beat, as shown, the more satisfactory.

But the principal pleasure of such a day's sport as this consists as much as aught else in the delights of the varied and yet always picturesque country in which it passes. It is really a beautiful land, with its diversity of sylvan and pastoral scenery, the old timbered cottages, and red-brown roofs. You cannot go wrong in it, nor find a corner that is not beautiful, and it all seems a very natural kind of sport; you have to find your game and kill it. There is the pleasure of hunting, as well as the mere pleasure in the marksmanship. It is very little spoiled by art, and it gives better opportunity than modern shooting often gives of that excellent and necessary condition of the old-time shooting—seeing dogs at work. The breechloader and our modern hurry have combined to rob us too often of this delightful element of the shooting in our fathers' time.



W. A. Rouch. THE GAME-CARRIER—NOT BAD FOR ONE BEAT.

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HUNTING NOTES.

THE run of sport with the Cottesmore seemed too good to last. A spell of bad luck has come, and that in a very serious form. Arthur Thatcher has broken his collar-bone; and is there any greater misfortune than losing your huntsman at the beginning of the season? Apart from the natural abilities of a huntsman, or his science, it is a great matter for hounds to know him. Everyone who has hunted a pack of foxhounds knows that they, and particularly the dog pack, take a good deal of knowing. So few people take much notice of hounds in the field, that they fail to observe how much time is lost or gained at critical moments by mutual distrust or confidence between huntsman and hounds. Quickness in the field is not galloping hard and jumping big places while you blow a horn; it is getting a pack of hounds in less time than anyone

else between two given points. Of great huntsmen, Charles Payne and Tom Firr had the gift above all others of our time. Thatcher was beginning to show it. Unluckily last week in a run from Ayston to Preston his horse rolled over him at a fence.

The long-discussed and expected change in the Mastership of the Pytchley is coming to pass. Mr. Wroughton has expressed a wish to exchange the larger country for the quieter woodlands. Lord Southampton, who has the North Pytchley now, and hunts it with a pack of bitches bred in the county by Mr. Austen Mackenzie and bought at his sale by Mr.



ARTHUR THATCHER.

Wroughton, is believed to wish for more open country. Wherever he goes, Lord Southampton will make a good Master, as he has had experience in hunting hounds ever since he was in the 10th Hussars. His wife, a daughter of Lord Zetland, also comes of a hunting family. It is unlikely that Lord Southampton will take the Pytchley. In that case the general feeling is for Lord Annaly, who, as I was given to understand when staying in the country, has the confidence of the farmers. On the not very frequent occasions of hunting with the Pytchley, it has always seemed to me that the present Master has done his utmost to show sport. To be Master of the Pytchley is almost as splendid a position as to be Master of the Quorn, and infinitely more difficult.

Mr. Peter Ormrod's hounds continue to show good sport in the Barnstaple district. The foxhound and the Southern hounds seem to me to be more than useful, and Mr. Ormrod will make a first-rate huntsman. The black and tans do not appear to suit the Devonshire hills so well; their shoulders are not quite as they should be for this kind of work. The following sketch of a last day snatched with the stag will show something of the sport afforded: "The first people knew of the find was seeing the stag, with the tufters in full cry, actually dashing down a lane full of horsemen. There was a good deal of confusion. The tufters ran him towards Bratton Fleming, a spot never to be forgotten by those who saw the great run of 1889 which started from thence. Tufters were stopped at the roadway with some difficulty, for there was a very good scent. The stag scrambled up into Leigh Wood. In the covert the stag waited, and when Mr. Ormrod appeared with the hounds, the roar in the covert told that the stag (he had all his rights and two atop) was close in front. Unluckily he made for Miss Chichester's coverts, and Mr. Ormrod stopped hounds. This cost us an hour of delay, and though the line was recovered and seemed to lead to the moor, the run was irretrievably spoilt."

Melton has been, like a good many other places, in the throes of a contested election. The Bell Hotel, which has been in the past and is in the present the winter quarters of so many good sportsmen, has been occupied by Lord Edward and Lady Victoria Manners, who have done good service to Lord Cecil's cause. The fight was a close one, but the Melton Mowbray division is still represented by a Manners, a straight-riding sportsman, which is as it should be.

The retirement of Lord Coventry from the post of Master of the Buckhounds reminds us that not only has he been an ideal Master of the Royal Hunt, but that he is one of the few hunting-men who can claim to have founded a country and built up a pack of hounds. The Croome country was formed by Lord Coventry in 1867. The hounds have been most carefully bred, with the result that there is now a pack which can fly over the grass on the beautiful Tewkesbury Vale or hunt a twisting fox among the small Worcestershire enclosures. When Mr. Wingham was Master, he took the greatest pains to keep up the standard of the pack, which has always had access to the best of Belvoir blood. This season Mr. H. Coventry is Master, and I hear that cubs are plentiful and strong. They have already done good work in the Bredon Hill district. Those who know this country will agree that if Bredon is a good country for hounds, it is a very difficult one for horses, though the view from the summit is worth a climb these fine October mornings. Walter Barnard, who was so well known and esteemed as first whipper-in to these hounds, is now kennel huntsman and whipper-in to the Fitzwilliam. Lord Coventry's successor in the Mastership of the Buckhounds will be eagerly looked for. There never was a season begun with better prospects for the Royal Hunt. With Frank Goodall for huntsman, an unusually good lot of hounds in kennel, and twenty-six seasoned deer in the paddocks, we ought to see some good sport. Before these lines are in print the pack will have begun forest hunting, while the first Tuesday in November is fixed for the opening meet of the regular season.

From Lincolnshire, the traditional home of the horse and the hound, the news is very good. For some years it was the lot of the present writer to live in the very centre of the Southwold country. Nor could there be a happier lot for any man fond of sport. I do not know which was keenest, the Master, the hounds, or the field. On one side of the country Sir Henry Hawley, at Tumbly, and Mrs. Edward Stanhope, at Revesby, own some of the most perfect nurseries for foxes that the heart of man can desire to see. Mrs. Stanhope is very generous in allowing hounds to cub-hunt in her beautiful coverts. I hope and believe that hounds do little or no harm to coverts like

Revesby, where the estate is so large that pheasants are hardly likely to be driven away. Nevertheless, we know that owners of fine shooting coverts are not always so generous. Moreover, cubs are plentiful, and there are old foxes too, as hounds found when they changed the other morning from a cub to an old fox. How important this covert is to the hunt may be imagined, since a fox running from thence to, say, Keal Can would cross some of the best grass in the hunt.

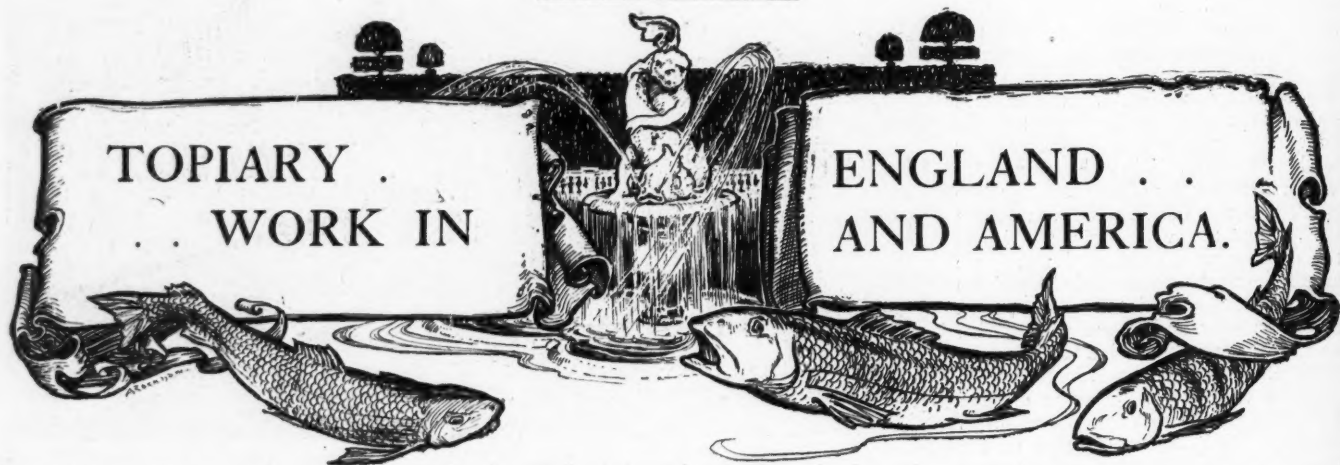
Last week I was much interested in the pictures of Mr. Winans's trotters in *COUNTRY LIFE*. This gentleman, who takes very kindly to the sports of his adopted country, has had one or two smart gallops with his draghounds after outlying bucks from Surrenden. Two fine bucks were recovered and

placed back in the park without injury, and with the advantage to their pursuers of a gallop over part of that Ashford Vale which would be an earthly paradise if foxes lived there. Mr. Selzer, who had the Ashford Vale harriers, is now hunting from Market Harborough.

I am glad to hear that Colonel Campbell has taken over the Sligo, which was hunted by Mr. L'Estrange, whose sad death in the polo-field deprived the country of a keen sportsman, and many of us of a good counsellor and friend.

That Major Balfe is to give up the Roscommon Staghounds is bad, for the run of sport these hounds have had is remarkable. Master and men were always wonderfully well mounted. Yet sportsmen as keen, and riders as bold, are never far to seek in Ireland.

X.



ONE does not readily associate the old-world art of topiary gardening with a new country—and we continue to call the United States “new,” despite that Virginia has been colonised for three centuries, and that the Pilgrim Fathers sailed westward in search of religious freedom 280 years ago. It is not to be supposed that America should yet have had leisure, or much inclination, to imitate on any extensive scale

the delicious and restful, if formal and artificial, taste for clipped yew. But with the national desire to mitigate aggressive newness with the antique, or what simulates it, there is abundant probability that, sooner or later, America will be bitten by a horticultural mannerism which has had its vogue in most European countries at one time or another. Already, indeed, an attempt, and that a highly-successful one, has been made in New



EXTERIOR OF PAVILION.



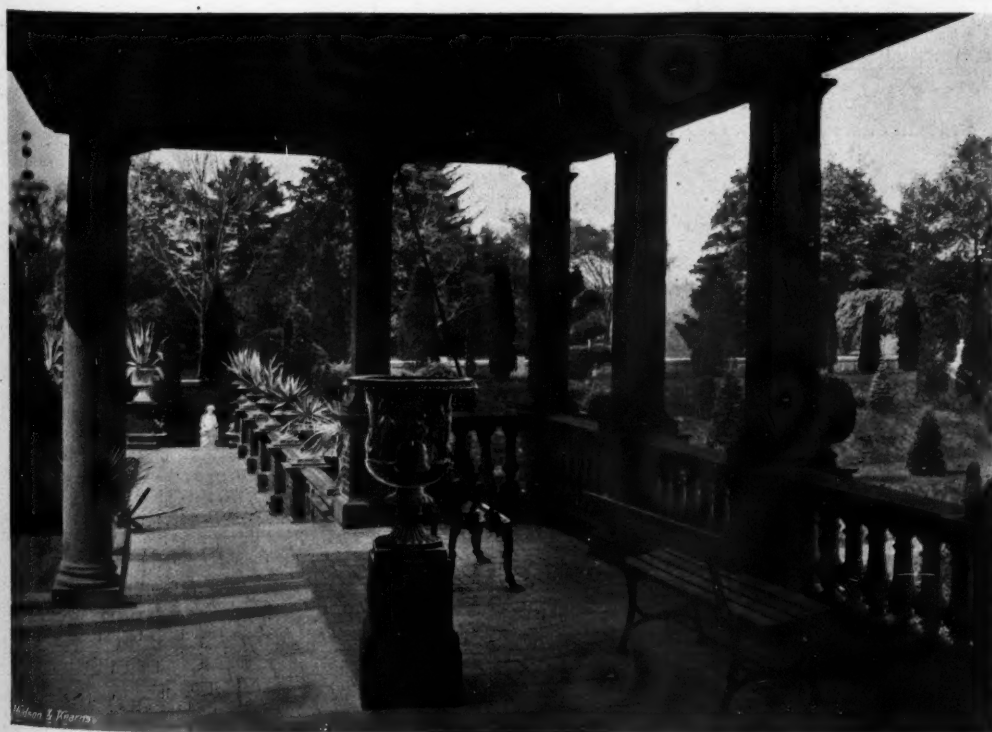
THE TERRACE AND LAKE.

England to reproduce one of the most charming fancies of the olden gardeners. Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, of Beacon Street, Boston, has been good enough to send us the accompanying photographs of his formal garden at Wellesley, Massachusetts, together with the following description:

"It was after a visit to Elvaston nearly fifty years ago," Mr. Hunnewell writes, "that I conceived the idea of making a collection of trees for topiary work in imitation of what I had witnessed in the gardens of that celebrated estate. As suitable

crees for that purpose could not be obtained at the nurseries in this country, and as the English yew is not reliable in our New England climate, I was obliged to make the best selection possible from such trees as had proved hardy here—the pines, spruces, hemlocks, junipers, arbor-vitæ, cedars, and Japanese retinosporas—with results quite satisfactory, as shown by the photographs. The trees were all very small, and for the first twenty years their growth was shortened twice annually, causing them to take a close and compact habit, comparing favourably in that respect with the yew. Many of them are now more than 40ft. in height and 60ft. in circumference, the hemlocks especially proving highly successful. The location of the garden is very favourable, being on the bank of a lake of 130 acres, and the water in some parts 50ft. deep. This style of gardening may be occasionally criticised; but that it is a great novelty in this country, and an interesting feature in a large estate, cannot be doubted. The number of visitors it attracts is very large indeed, showing most conclusively that it is appreciated. While the topiary work may not compare favourably with that of the yews in England, it has the great advantage in its more rapid growth, which must be considered in a new country where we cannot wait a century for results."

If we may judge from the photographs which we reproduce, Mr. Hunnewell has made no attempt to imitate the more fantastic aspects of the *ars topiaria*. Here we have no giants or peacocks or pagodas; the trees are chiefly clipped



PAVILION OVERLOOKING TERRACE AND LAKE.

into graceful pyramidal forms, necessarily a trifle sombre—that, indeed, is the “note” of the style—but contrasting admirably with the brilliant western sunshine, and the white gleam of the marble-stepped terraces. The presence of water is a decided enhancement of the effect, since it adds a sense of space and atmosphere to the scene.

The gardens at Wellesley appear to be on a more extensive scale than most of those devoted to topiary work in the old country. Mr. Hunnewell tells us that his experiment is a novelty in America; but newly-made pleasaunces of this type are not especially common even in England. Perhaps the most notable of modern attempts in this direction is that at Ascott, the country home of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, of which a brief general account has already been published in these pages (*COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. II., p. 210). But the topiary work at Ascott, which may be seen in the page illustration at that reference, has not attained a growth at all approaching Mr. Hunnewell's New England examples. In this country, at all events, nothing can take the place of time in this form of gardening. It is a little surprising that, in the present renaissance of horticulture, the endeavours to rival the triumphs which the shears have wrought at Levens and Elvaston, and a dozen less familiar places, have not been more numerous. But, as Mr. Leopold de Rothschild says, “topiary is not appreciated by the great critics.” Yet their olden predecessors delighted in it. The earliest horticultural records touch upon it, for Pliny himself had a famous formal garden in his Tuscan retreat, where topiary legionaries mounted guard over the initials of fair ladies grown in box, even as one may still see the cypher of “Elizabeth Shrewsbury”—Bess of Hardwicke—in Hardwicke gardens. It is likely enough that the art had its origin in Italy, and certainly until a couple of centuries ago every Italian garden of any pretensions had its clipped yews. At Genoa Evelyn, that observer whom nothing in Nature or Art escaped, saw a flock of sheep with their shepherd menaced by growling wild beasts—all in clipped yew. That



A TERRACE WALK.

was still the taste of the time, but the day was coming—the Augustan day—when Pope and Addison were to poke fun even at such venerable and restful artificialities as topiary. It was Pope who drew that grotesque picture of St. George in box waiting until next spring for his arm to sprout sufficiently to enable him to “stick the dragon”; while the same satirist declared that “a citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall.” The taste, indeed, was already waning when Louis XIV. and Le Nôtre between them carried topiary to a perfection—or an extravagance, as you will—which it had never reached before. Amid the sandy wastes of Versailles wonders in yew were accomplished, but, it is to be supposed, they went to rack and ruin long ago. The hand of decay has settled upon the Palace dedicated “to all the glories of France,” and where stone and marble are neglected it was not likely that trees which need for their preservation the care of a mother and the skill of an artist would meet with much mercy.

Mr. Hunnewell has been more fortunate in his New England attempt than is possible for the topiary gardener in this cold and deliberate land, where generations are needed to produce the results we see at Elvaston, for instance. The famous “Two Peacocks of Bedford” date from 1704, which is a considerable antiquity even for that which, like the tortoise, is a mere nothing until a century has passed over its head. It is equally familiar and unveracious that these two yews in Bedford Churchyard represent two proud young ladies who were thus pilloried by a disappointed suitor whom they were too “stuck up” to accept. Tom Hood has told us all about it:

“And where two haughty maidens used to be,
In pride of plumes, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the holy soil—
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre Peacocks—Age, with sapient nod,
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How once they lived, and wherefore they are there.”

The peacock, indeed, has always been a favourite device in topiary, and there are numbers of them at Elvaston, together with less familiar designs, such as a Chinese pagoda, surmounted by a crown, and a hen, which is not quite so perfect about the beak as it would be in Nature. In Lord Harrington's



AZALEA TENT.

gardens, too, is a living summer-arbour, of respectable size, clipped and fashioned by the shears. Captain Bagot's house of Levens, in Westmoreland, is a very good second to Elvaston with, in addition to the inevitable peacocks, a cup and saucer, a judge's full-bottomed wig, and all manner of other oddly-trimmed yews. There are a good many old country houses scattered up and down the country, often in rather remote corners, which possess some examples of topiary. Probably none of them has anything more curious to offer than the Mount of Olives, and the Four Evangelists, with a congregation listening to one of them preaching, to be seen at Packwood House, in Warwickshire. It is true that the Mount of Olives is a clipped cross, and the Evangelists only four squarely-trimmed trees; but there is vast

virtue in names. Lord Rosebery at The Durdans has a couple of verdant geese, while Lady Warwick at Easton Lodge owns a topiary sundial. In all this there is nothing quite so extravagant as Pope's whimsical fancy of the "eminent cook," who (the rogue pretended) "beautified his country seat with the coronation dinner in evergreens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the Queen ('Great Anna') in perpetual youth at the other." The critic and the unimaginative may rail to their hearts' content over the make-believes and the travesties of natural history which the topiary artist has given us, but respect for the fanciful humours of the past will nevertheless preserve what we have, and the desire to imitate them will occasionally add a modern version to the old patterns.

"ALL MOONSHINE!"

By L. T. BAGNALL.

THE lamps had just been brought to the drawing-room of an old English country house, and out of one of the uncurtained windows a girl peered into the November twilight. The door opened, a tall man entered, and advanced with a small bouquet of choice flowers.

"I hope these'll go with the frock all right, Pattie," he said. "You said white, didn't you?"

"Oh, Tony, how lovely! Thank you, ever so much; how good they smell!" and the girl with a sigh of delight, sniffed them lingeringly. "It must be about time to go and dress; you lucky men only take about thirty minutes, don't you?"

Before the man could answer the door opened again, and the butler announced, "James Todd to see you in the gun-room, most pertickler, Sir Hanthony," and he obeyed the summons.

Presently a new tread was heard, and the handle was turned for the third time. Instinctively the girl took up the flowers, and rose as though to leave the room. A man had come in who bore not the faintest likeness to the one who had just left, yet he was his brother. Only a little above the middle-height, with a naturally swarthy skin tanned almost to mahogany by the African sun, he seemed as far removed as the poles from any blood-tie with the towering Saxon Anthony. A likeness to the popular portraits of Mephistopheles had earned for him, from college days, that nickname—generally abbreviated to "Toffee"—which was made doubly appropriate by the fact that the unfortunate young man's Christian name was Everton.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, jerkily. "I——"

"Well, what sort of sport did you have?" queried the girl, who had stopped in her progress towards the door. "And why are you in mufti?"

"Because I've been hacking, not hunting," he answered shortly. "But I—— Look here, Miss Lindsay, I hear you're going to ride Moonshine for Anthony the day after to-morrow, and in the Ditchley country——?"

"Yes?" replied Miss Lindsay, sweetly but carelessly, toying with her bouquet.

The man seemed to notice the flowers for the first time. He paused a moment.

"Of course, I haven't any right, but——"

"But?" said Miss Lindsay, demurely. Another pause.

"Well, I don't think it's right, in plain language!" The pent words now came in a steady stream. "Tony's a bit of a fool about horses—though he is my brother." A smile flitted across the girl's face, observed by the speaker.

"I mean—he's a good enough judge of the points of a horse and all that, but you *know* he's reckless. He told me that when he bought Moonshine the man said she was 'broken to hounds.' It's rubbish. She may have been 'out two seasons with hounds' after a fashion, but I tell you she would go demented when they were running. You know Jenkins is no soft, and he's as good a rider as you'll find in a groom, and he said to me just now, 'I wouldn't want to ride that mare in the Ditchley country, and you want a real weight-carrier for them tremenjous fences.' He said the other day he was exercising her in that frosty spell, and as he got to the common-gate there was a flock of sheep in the distance, and a girl on a wheel with a scarlet jacket. The mare was all of a tremble in a moment, and sweating all over, and before he could do more than sit tight, she was over that big common-gate and going like the Old Gentleman for the sheep. Anthony won't believe Jenkins, called him an old woman, when

he said she wasn't steady enough with hounds for a lady. He hasn't seen her near a hound himself; and he didn't want her seen till you could ride her. Of course you know he wants Mrs. Donnington to buy her; and your riding her to hounds is the best advertisement he can have for the mare. But the best horse on earth makes mistakes, and a mad-headed one in that country—— Oh, P—Miss Lindsay, do for goodness sake listen to reason!"

Miss Lindsay was leaning against a table, still sniffing her bouquet at intervals, the firelight playing on her fair hair and dainty little white-clad figure. Why was it delightful to be thus urged for her safety by this ugly, harsh-voiced man? But with the feeling of delight came an invincible obstinacy.

"I really don't see why you're in such a state of mind about my riding Moonshine," she said, looking at him rather coldly for a second, and tapping the floor ever so slightly with her foot. "You are not very complimentary to my horsemanship! On your own showing she jumps big, and that's all that's wanted in the Ditchley country—that and a cool head. I don't mind in the least if she 'goes like the Old Gentleman' as long as she gives me confidence at her fences. It's very kind of you to try and save my neck, but it's really 'all Moonshine' you know!" she added, laughing. "Now I must go and dress for the dance, I'll be late, for sure!" and without giving the defeated Toffee time to open the door for her she flitted from him.

In the small hours of the next morning, as Patricia Lindsay sat with loosened hair over her fire, troubled thoughts raced through her brain. "Why did I give Anthony such a lot of dances, and Toffee so few? Pure cussedness, I didn't want to. What a hash I am making of it all! Why did I, as a little fool of eighteen, refuse Toffee 'because he was so ugly,' when I liked him tremendously even then? Why, when I found he'd gone to Africa because of it, didn't I write and say the sentence wasn't altogether final? Why do I go and let myself be appropriated by Anthony, take his presents, let people think we're engaged, when—when—— Well, and I s'pose I'll even be marrying him in the end, because, faith, he's 'so handsome'! Oh, Patricia, you are a little beast! You found out last evening that Toffee felt the same as ever, and you couldn't melt! And of course he saw the bouquet—and he's seen lots of things—and—and—I've got the money now, which I hadn't then, and he's only got the lion skins. And I'm proud, and he's proud—and—— Oh dear, Toffee!" and with something like a strangled sob the small white figure crept into bed.

The day following, at the meet on Croft Common, the gaze of every sporting soul with a correct eye for horseflesh was directed towards Miss Lindsay's mount. Standing 15h. 3in., full of quality, with fine sloping shoulders, great depth of girth, good flat legs, strong quarters, and a lean blood-head, she looked every inch an ideal hunter for a grass country. Patricia's eyes sparkled with delight as she found her mount and herself the observed of all observers. Though restless and fussy, Moonshine was not "all over the place," owing, had it been known, to a judicious docking of her corn by the apprehensive Jenkins. Mrs. Donnington, the prospective purchaser, a horsey woman with a bad seat, was noticed by Anthony to "take in" the mare with evident approval. Just then his mother, Lady Seagrave, drove up, and he heard her saying to Patricia, "Patsy dear,

you'll be careful, won't you, there's a look about her eyes that I don't quite like; it's a little wild, don't you think?—not exactly wicked." As he was riding up irritably to confute the statement the hounds moved off, and he changed his mind.

The Ditchley hunt, after drawing three blank coverts, was in for one of the runs for which it has so long been famous. The hounds, in a piebald streak, were going bang across a great grass country, intersected by Jenkins's "tremenjous fences," the pace so terrific that hurried whippers had to do duty for "full cry." The rag-tag and bobtail, and indeed many who were a cut above this, never saw them again till long after the kill, and only a selection of "thrusters," the Master, and the huntsman were at all in the running. These comprised but two ladies, Mrs. Donnington and Patricia, the brothers Seagrave, and three or four more men. As this minute company were galloping down the slope of a great thirty-acre field, the hounds three fields ahead and the huntsman one, Moonshine began to take the lead. Her blood was up at last, and with a delicious sensation, partly vague anxiety and mostly inebriation, Patricia realised that the mare had the bit between her teeth.

With great clean bounds the yards were eaten, and with the grace of an antelope and the strength of a lion, Moonshine, grand-daughter of Twilight the Derby winner, went in a bee-line across the Ditchley country, in a manner that no one who saw her will ever forget. Big fence after big fence she took, as though she were larking hurdles in the paddock, but the poise of her head and ears showed that business now, not larking, was the word. Anthony and Everton Seagrave were both at first not very far behind, but gradually Anthony's Dragon showed the pre-eminence of blood, and Everton fell to the rear. At length, at the bottom of one of the series of huge fields, a bullfinch, not apparently more formidable than the others, hove in sight; but Anthony knew the ground and bawled to Patricia to "steady"—he had no time to say why. On the taking-off side a single ox-rail leaned outwards, then came the towering thorn hedge, and, invisible, a "yawner" on the landing side. The chestnut mare sailed with incredible swiftness up to the barrier, rose high with a crash of twigs, never touching the rail, and then the fence closed behind her. Anthony half thought he heard a disgusting sound, but he still looked to see her going on up the opposite slope, and set the Dragon hammer-and-tongs at a rather weaker spot in the fence. As he crashed through, he saw, sideways, what had happened. Patricia lay, white, with closed eyes, on the

edge of the yawner. Moonshine had missed the landing, and rolled, struggling, into the deep bottom, where she lay groaning and rocking her head. Where a heavy-weight would probably have landed from sheer force of bulk, the light-weight had been stopped by the great density of the fence.

"Confounded little fool," said Sir Anthony Seagrave, aloud, as he scrambled down the bank and got hold of Moonshine's bridle.

"Come then!—courage, old lady! up then, up! I believe she's done for her, the little idiot; serves her right if she's hurt; well, I don't quite mean that; but, come up, old lady, have a try, there! Yes, I believe it's her leg, damn it all! Lost me a hundred and fifty guineas. I thought she could ride!"

At this juncture, Everton, dismounting on the further side, had torn through the thorns and down and up the ditch like a man possessed, and was kneeling by Patricia, ashen under his tan.

Anthony hastily left Moonshine, and called out in tones of irritable anxiety, "Got any brandy? not a drop in my flask—there are no bones broken—she—she's only——"

"No, she's not even unconscious," said a pair of white lips, so low and faintly that only the bending Everton heard. "Is that you holding me, Toffee dear? I daren't open my eyes, things'll go round."

Anthony, saying in a large, comforting voice, "There, she's coming to all right—told you so—I must go and see to the poor beast," left his brother to convey Patricia home, and went to get men and slings, with the alternative of a gun.

That evening, just before dinner, Patricia lay on the drawing-room sofa in the firelight, and Everton held her hand. Presently his brother came in with a clatter, and when Toffee was about to jerk away, Patricia held him fast. Anthony stopped in the middle of the room, and stared for the fraction of a second.

"You'll be glad to hear Moonshine has only a bad sprain," he said with a drawl. "The vet says she'll come round all right. I expect she made that awful fuss from sheer sickness, because she'd made up her mind to be in at the death, and knew her game was up."

"Please, Anthony, the 'confounded little fool' will give you a hundred and fifty guineas for her as she is," said Patricia, in her sweetest voice. "I must have the blessed cause of my becoming your sister-in-law for my very own, for it was all Moonshine, you know!"

LORD BARING'S SHORTHORNS.

STRATTON PARK is one of the best-known country seats in "Homely Hampshire." It is an old house which has been added to at different times and in various styles. Formerly it belonged to the Dukes of Bedford, and was once occupied by Lady Rachel, widow of Lord William Russell, who was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields on July 18th, 1683. The house stands in a beautiful wooded park

of 300 acres, of which we give a view. The soil of the district is clay and chalk, and it need scarcely be said of the country of chalk streams that the subsoil is chalk. It was a great wheat country in the old times, but the force of depression has induced Lord Northbrook's tenants to change—some of them growing large quantities of potatoes, for instance, with markedly good results. Lord Baring's herd of shorthorns, of which we have the pleasure

to present some photographs, is not one of the oldest in the country, but is well known to breeders for the excellence of the cattle it contains. It was founded by the Earl of Northbrook in 1884, and though practically reconstructed later on, some of the old blood was continued, so that it is of interest to trace the first steps towards making it. Lord Northbrook began by purchasing the bull Barringtonia 5th from the late Captain Oliver of Sholebroke, and in the following year two Honey heifers were bought from Sir Nigel Kingscote in Gloucestershire, additional animals being obtained from the herds of the late Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Deane Willis, Mr. Marr, and Mr. W. Duthie of Collynie, all, as need hardly be repeated, possessors of good shorthorn strains. From Lord Hindlip was obtained Red Rose of Hindlip 9th, of the American Rose tribe. She was the ancestress of the Red Roses of Stratton, a very



T. Fall.

A VIEW OVER THE LAWN.

Copyright

prolific and deep milking family, which is still represented in the Stratton herd. At first bulls were selected of the Bates and Knightley strains—Duke of Fawsley, 4,944, came from the herd of the late Sir G. R. Philips of Weston Park; Duke of Charmingland 48th, 57,181, from Mr. H. J. Sheldon of Brailes and Oxford; and Duke of Calthwaite 5th, 57,822, from Mr. J. Harris. With the object of adding more substance to the stock, recourse was had to fresh blood. Golden Robin, 64,100, was purchased at Mr. Duthie's sale in 1893, and was followed by Royal Rover, 59,846, from Mr. Leadbitter's herd in Northumberland, while the "clipper" bull Coronation, 66,866, bred by Mr. Deane Willis, and Pink of Perfection, 64,526, bred by the late Mr. H. Aylmer, were also used. Sovereign, 61,841, bred by Messrs. Nelson at Sittytton, by Gondamar from Sordanelle, of the old Bates's Silence tribe, proved an excellent and impressive sire. From the shorthorn dairy cows kept at the Home Farm these bulls founded the useful milking families of Emma, Maud, Empress, and so on, which now supply the Stratton dairy.

Such was the herd established by Lord Northbrook, but in 1895 Lord Baring took the Home Farm over from his father, and with it the shorthorns. By that time the herd had increased to a greater number than the farm could carry, and it was thought advisable to have a sale. The entire herd, with the exception of Sovereign and one or two of the Red Roses of Stratton, was sold by Mr. J. Thornton in July, 1896. At first some doubt was felt as to the advisability of going on with the pedigree shorthorns. North Hampshire is essentially a sheep-breeding country; its light soil, of no great depth above the chalk which prevails over a great part of the county, the dry climate,

the autumn of 1896 by the purchase of two Brilliants at Mr. Egers's sale in Dorsetshire, an Oxford heifer from the Holker herd, and some cows and heifers of the Oxford, Waterloo, and Charming Duchesse tribes from Castle Hill, Dorsetshire, and Brailes. Five cows and heifers of Mr. Cruickshank's Broadhook tribe were taken from Lord Lovat's herd at Beaufort Castle, and further purchases were made in Scotland from the herds of Mr. Gordon of Newton,

Mr. Campbell of Kinden, and Mr. G. Bruce of Heatherwick, as well as from those of Mr. Foljambe, Sir O. Morley, and Lord Brougham in England. The bulls in use in the herd since 1896 have been Royal Flush, 71,462, by Captain of the Guard from a Red Lady cow, and King of Pearls, 70,713, by Bapton Czar, dam Missi 150th, both bred by Mr. Marr; Royal Beau, 66,181, bred by Mr. W. Graham, by Beau Bridegroom from Laurestina 11th; and Swarraton,

73,748, by Sovereign from Red Rose of Stratton 3rd, bred at Stratton. The bulls at present in use are the well-known Christmas Gift, 66,837, and Lancastrian, 72,804. The former is by Volunteer out of a Nonpareil cow. He was bred by Her Majesty the Queen at Windsor, and was first and champion at the Royal Counties Show, Reading, in 1897. LANCASTRIAN, of whom we give a portrait, is by His Excellency—a Seraphina bull—from Horsted Rose 4th, of the Cambridge Rose tribe. It will readily be admitted that better blood could not be desired for a shorthorn herd. General readers who are not familiar with the various "tribes" of the breed may like to know that the Duchesses and Red Roses were first bred by Robert and Charles Collings, the former at Ketton, the latter at Barmpton. The herds to which these two



T. Fall.

LANCASTRIAN.

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T. Fall.

SHORTHORNS IN THE PARK.

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and the frequently occurring droughts in spring and summer, place the cattle breeders at a considerable disadvantage. However, there is some good pasture on the Home Farm and in the park and water meadows at Stratton, so Lord Baring in the end resolved to continue to keep a herd of shorthorns—a decision which gave pleasure to all lovers of the breed.

A start was made towards the formation of a new herd in

respectively belonged were dispersed early in the century. At the Ketton sale in 1810 a total of £7,115 17s. was realised for forty-seven animals, viz., twenty-nine cows and heifers and eighteen bulls and bull calves, the average price being the high one of £151 8s. The Barmpton herd was sold in two portions, one in 1818 and the other in 1820, but did not realise such large figures. Mr. Bates, whose name is inseparably connected with the history of shorthorns, was a Northumbrian, born in 1775.



T. Fall.

THE HOME PARK.

Copyright.

He entered upon the tenancy of Heaton Castle Farm in 1800. To found his herd he purchased from both of the brothers Collings. He bought the Kirklevington estate, near Yarm, Yorkshire, and removed thence in 1830. At that time he possessed fifty cows, all derived from the famous bull, Hubback II., who united the Duchess tribe of Ketton with the Red Rose tribe of Barmpton. His six tribes at the time of his death were the Duchess, Oxford, Red Rose, Waterloo, Wild Eyes, and Foggathorpe. At the first show of the Royal Agricultural Society held at Oxford in 1839 he won the premium for the best shorthorn cow with a descendant of Mr. Mason's Matchem. She was renamed and became the mother of the Oxford tribe. Next year almost the same thing happened at Cambridge, a Red Rose heifer coming out top of her class, and who became the progenitrix of the Cambridge Roses. Mr. Bates died in July, 1849, and the Kirklevington herd was sold by auction in 1850. At the sale the Duke of Faversham bought a bull, the Fifth Duke of Oxford, for 300 guineas. He won the premium at Chester in 1858, and became the sire of Skyrocket, the Leeds "Royal" premier bull in 1861. The Knightley strain, from which Lord Northbrook selected some of his early bulls, was bred by Sir Charles Knightley at Fawsley Park, in Northamptonshire, the herd being dispersed in 1856, when, at a cost of 100 guineas each, Prince Albert bought two cows for Windsor. It need scarcely be said that the Queen's herd has been maintained at the very highest pitch of excellence, partly by the introduction in recent years of some of the best Scotch shorthorns.

In spite of the disadvantages of soil and climate, the shorthorns, perhaps the most adaptable of all classes of cattle, have done well at Stratton. They are healthy and robust, and have increased so rapidly that in the present summer the total reached

nearly a hundred, more than can be conveniently wintered on the Home Farm. A considerable reduction in the herd has thus become necessary. Cows and heifers deficient in milking qualities have been weeded out, and besides young bulls a number of heifers have been privately sold. Before winter the herd will be reduced to between sixty and seventy animals.

IN THE . . . GARDEN.

MONTHLY ROSES.

A GARDEN without the monthly or China Roses is bereft of bright colour until the threshold of winter. The writer has many kinds in full flower, and the plants have given abundantly of their treasures since last June.

Of course, as is so well known now, the Tea and hybrid Tea Roses continue almost as long in full beauty, but the "Chinas" are a happy race, so to say, splashing the woodland with rose, pink, crimson, and tints intermingling, when



T. Fall.

BROADHOOK BELLE, BURTON BUTTERFLY, AND EMPRESS VI.

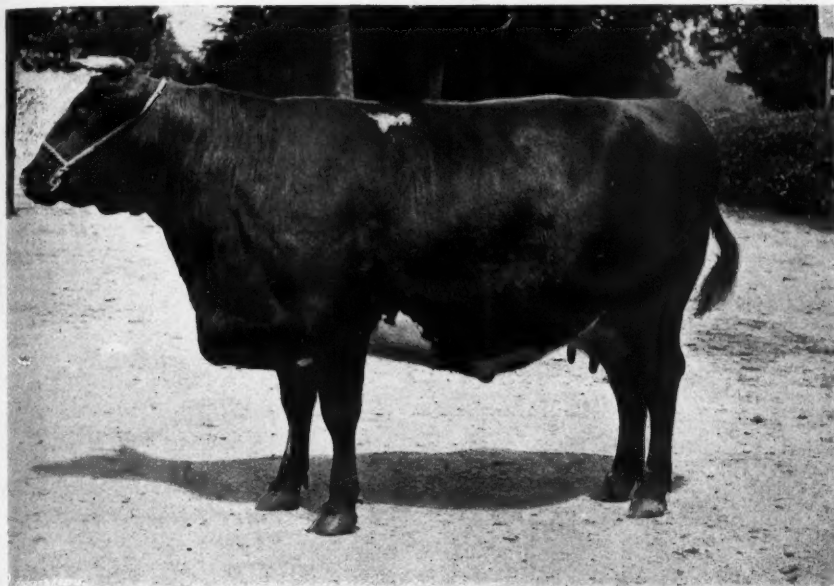
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T. Fall.

BROADHOOK ROSE AND CALF.

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T. Fall

PHRYNE.

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the trees change to their autumn dress of russet brown, yellow, and crimson. Mme. Laurette Messimy and Mme. Eugene Resal form gay groups. We admire them in what the gardener and nurseryman call "bush form," that is, dwarf spreading plants, but they make good standards. A friend writes us: "I have a plant two years old, which is now quite 2ft. 6in. through and carries fifty buds and open flowers. My favourite is Cramoisie Supérieur; its flowers are brilliant crimson, reminding one of that glorious Rose Gruss au Teplitz. Fabvier is another showy China Rose which makes a bright mass on the lawn. Duke of York is a very pretty variety, with a deep red centre to the flower and almost white edges." The monthly Roses are very easy to manage; they need a light rather than a heavy soil, and little pruning is needful.

RECENT NEW PLANTS.

Tea Rose (Mrs. B. R. Cant).—Amongst recent new Roses honoured by the Royal Horticultural Society with their award of merit is this novelty, raised by Messrs. Benjamin Cant and Sons, of Myland Nurseries, Colchester. The plant is very strong in growth, producing sturdy stems, and the leaves are of an unusual blue-green colour, which makes the Rose conspicuous without its brightly-coloured flowers, produced far into the autumn. The flowers are rose, paling towards the margin to almost silvery white, and they are sweetly scented, not so strong as in many of the Tea Roses, but with a pronounced perfume. Many new Roses unfortunately are without this precious trait of the queen of flowers.

Sternbergia macrantha and Crocus speciosus albus.—We were much pleased to see these beautiful and rare autumn flowers from Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's garden at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society. Each kind received a first-class certificate, and such charming autumn flowers deserve any award that one cares to bestow upon them. Both are rare, the Sternbergia having quite large flowers of a butter yellow colour, and it is one of the freest of its family. The place for these autumn-flowering bulbs is in some sheltered spot in the rock garden, where they are less exposed to winds and rains than in the open border. The flowers open wide in the sun. All good gardeners know Crocus speciosus, that deep blue-purple flower with its orange stigmata, which is so beautiful when naturalised as one would plant the Spanish Scillas in the woodland. At this season it imparts a blue sheen to the scenery, and it increases very readily. The white variety is very scarce; the flowers are somewhat larger than those of the species, and rather of a milky colour than pure white. It is a dainty and important flower.

THE RAISERS OF THE CACTUS DAHLIA STARFISH.

We were much interested in receiving a note from Messrs. Keynes, Williams, and Co., of Salisbury, in reply to our question as to who raised the splendid Cactus Dahlia Starfish. They write: "On page 366 of COUNTRY LIFE you express a wish to know who raised the variety Starfish. We are pleased to tell you that this is one of the varieties raised and introduced by us." At the same time Messrs. Keynes send us flowers of some of their new Cactus Dahlias, and we were much pleased with the rich colouring of the following: Mrs. J. J. Crowe, a pretty canary yellow colour; Mrs. Carter Page, intense crimson; Countess of Lonsdale, salmon rose; and Ruby, a rich vinous purple shade.

THE RAISER OF THE NARCISSUS C. J. BACKHOUSE.

Mr. Edward Birchall, Moorland Road, Leeds, writes: "The C. J. Backhouse Narcissus, Weardale Perfection, and others, are named after another branch of the Backhouse family than those of York Nurseries, viz., Mr. C. J. Backhouse, an amateur grower at St. John's, Wolsingham, Durham."

A FRAGRANT ROSE.

Rose Papa Lambert.—A reader of COUNTRY LIFE writes: "Although of rather stumpy growth, this is an excellent addition, especially to the exhibition Roses. What I like about it is its sweet fragrance, and for this reason should prefer it to the much over-rated Rose Ulster, a variety it somewhat resembles. There is a disposition to disparage that lovely production of Mr. Bennett, namely, Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, a Rose that has been the forerunner of many a noble kind. Papa Lambert was raised from White Lady crossed with Marie Baumann. As is well known, White Lady is a sport from Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, and is one of the finest garden or show Roses grown, only that its growth is very low. That does not imply that it is weak, but merely very dwarf. Why should a Rose be condemned for such a reason? A small bed of White Lady, Lady Mary Fitzwilliam, and Papa Lambert upon the lawn would be a charming addition to any garden, and for the beauty of the individual bloom and earliness would leave nothing to be desired. But I would advise anyone to procure Papa Lambert if only for its fragrance, which it derives doubtless from Marie Baumann.

In form it is superb, the centre high and conical, and in colour it is silvery deep pink. It will be fine for pot culture."

ALDBOROUGH ANEMONES.

This race of Anemones originated in the garden of the late Rev. George Nelson, of Aldborough Vicarage, near Norwich. The flowers are remarkable for size, brilliancy of colour, and length of stem. There are various shades of colour, but the vermilion scarlet form is most appreciated, and is a great improvement on the old scarlet Windflower (*Anemone fulgens*). In ordinary seasons the bulbs flower from February to May, and the flowers last very long in water. If they are stood in a cool position in a sitting-room, and fresh water is given every few days, they will remain in good condition for a fortnight. When placed in the vase they should be stood in a sunny window for a few hours, where they will expand fully. The plants prefer a rich, loamy, well-drained soil, but failing this, success can be ensured by incorporating a liberal quantity of loamy soil from the compost yard, some leaf mould and road grit, with the ordinary soil of the garden. A hot, dry position must be avoided, as in common with most Anemones they require plenty of moisture when in active growth. Shelter is likewise necessary, as cutting winds soon damage the delicate flowers. Some growers are afraid to disturb established plants, but others divide and transplant the stock every third year. When transplanting it is a good plan to work in plenty of leaf mould and grit, ingredients which Anemones appreciate. Some years ago the writer obtained some corms and planted them on a north border, but the position proved too cold for them, and although they flowered fairly well the first season, they gradually succumbed; but the soil was rather retentive.

Many who are acquainted with the ordinary *Anemone fulgens* would be surprised and delighted if they were to see the Aldborough strain. As this is the season to plant, it is opportune to refer to it now.

THE LOGAN BERRY.

We have received the following interesting note from Messrs. Fell and Co. of Hexham: "An interesting article came under our notice in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on a new fruit called the Mahdi. We feel specially interested in this reference, as we imported from America in December, 1896, a new fruit called the Logan Berry, which has since gained great popularity. It is a hybrid between the Anghenbunch Blackberry and the Red Antwerp Raspberry, and was raised by Judge Logan, of California; hence its name Logan Berry. When ripe the fruit is deep reddish maroon in colour, it is an abundant cropper, and valuable both for dessert and cooking. We have sent it out to a great many places throughout the British Isles, and this season our attention has been drawn to it from several quarters, by parties we supplied commenting very favourably upon the quality and productiveness of this new fruit. We have seen it in full fruit in our nurseries here, and in the North Marine Park in South Shields, where it was fruiting splendidly. Mr. T. Crebbin, Ballagawne, Isle of Man, writes under date of August 7th, that he picked twenty quarts of fruit from four plants, and that he still expects to take off another four or five quarts. Mr. G. H. Wood, manager and secretary, Isle of Man Railway, showed us some plants as grown in his garden, and which were bearing enormous crops of large and beautiful fruit. The plants grown by Mr. Crebbin stood out in the open in the way of ordinary Raspberries, those grown by Mr. Wood being trained against a wall on wires. The fruit was submitted to the Royal Horticultural Society, and was awarded a certificate of merit on July 13th, 1897." Messrs. William Fell and Co. sent us some handsome fruits of the Logan Berry; they are large, rich in colour, and their flavour shows the parentage. A fruit of this kind should be of no small importance for jam making.

A BILLIARD LOVER.

WHY should I tremble at your slight,
Or plead my innocence anew?

Lady, I can forget your spite
When from the rack I slip my cue,

And bend above the cloth of green,
Where even you no wrath provoke,
And o'er the rigid cushion lean,
Intent on some strategic stroke.

Lady, how all unworthy you,
Pledged solemnly to be my bride,
These mean remarks about my screw,
These hints, I put on too much side.

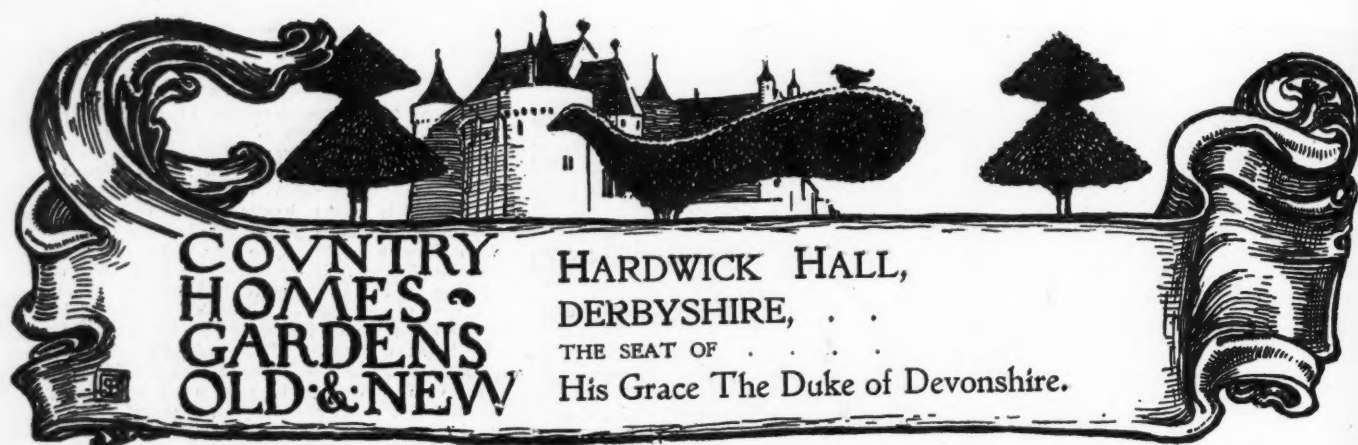
Lo, from my soul such dust I flick,
For now my heart with rapture hears
What you may choose to call the click,
But I—the music of the spheres!

My heart with grief shall never fill,
Tho' you with pouting lips should scoff,
And I shall make my cannons still,
Tho' you, exploding, should go off.

My love again you shall not catch
Till in your breast repentance wakes;
Say that you will break off the match—
I but continue making breaks.

Then while I deftly pot the red,
A stroke that Roberts might have missed,
Go, drive suspicion from your head—
Ah! look, dear Love, the balls have kissed!

HAROLD BEGBIE.



THIS famous mansion of northern Derbyshire exemplifies in stone, more completely than any other house in the land, the spacious age of Elizabeth. It is the very antitype of a mediæval dwelling. We have remarked before in this series of articles that the wide development of the national outlook in that century was accompanied by a rapid change in domestic architecture. In earlier times the strong tower, with its narrow loopholes, cut off from the surrounding land by a moat and a drawbridge, marked the dwelling of those who wished to be secure. There has been a tendency to depict the spirit of mediævaldom in the guise of some gloomy ascetic, hastening tombward with his head beneath a cowl, and looking even upon God's sunlight as unholy, while, on the other hand, we have had presented to us the new spirit, finally exemplified in the Renaissance, as a youth of virile development, enjoying to the full all the brightness and the pleasures which this life can bestow. There was, no doubt, a fundamental

change of ideal at the time throughout Europe, though it is very imperfectly represented by this hasty imagery. The greater truth—and this is the matter with which we are especially concerned—is that the change in the houses of Englishmen arose from the more peaceful conditions of the times. The moat was no longer called for as a barrier, the strong tower had lost its office, and it was possible for the country gentleman, instead of looking in upon his courtyard as his ancestors had done, to look out upon the world around, and in particular to look out upon the gardens with which he beautified his home and to rejoice in the pleasant prospect of his delectable surroundings. It was not a new love, but a new opportunity.

Now Hardwick Hall was manifestly inhabited by those who loved the luxury of light, and were not afraid to admit it.

"Hardwick Hall
More glass than wall."

So runs the rhyming couplet of the Derbyshire people, who





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THE SOUTH WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE HORNBEAM WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

perhaps, shared the dislike of earlier Bacon to houses "so full of glass that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun." But, in addition to the wealth of glass, we are impressed with another peculiarity of Hardwick. The place is very distinctly aggressive. There, lifted aloft upon every tower, are the initials "E. S.," to challenge all comers and to remind them of the very masterful woman, "Bess of Hardwick," Countess of Shrewsbury, who built, not this house alone, but old Chatsworth as well, if the inscription on her monument in All Hallows, Derby, may be believed, and also Bolsover Castle and the manor house of Oldcotes. It is not to be gainsaid that there is something of dreary vastness about the great chambers of Hardwick. From the huge windows you survey the forecourt, where planted large in the grass in glowing carpet beds are the inevitable initials, and, beyond them, the gatehouse, and the wall with its pinnacles, and outside again the old hall of Hardwick mouldering to picturesque decay, for it was not good enough for Elizabeth Countess of Shrewsbury to dwell in. We have so often in these pages

enforced the necessity of carrying the spirit of the house into its garden, that it would ill beseem us to question the good taste of those who cultivate these gigantic initials, since they appear so prominently in the structure itself. On the contrary, we shall maintain that they have their right place in the garden of a house which seems in a manner consecrated to the glorification of "Bess of Hardwick." Walpole was displeased with the house, and found the chambers uncomfortably grand. "Pictures, had they had good ones, would be lost in chambers of such houses. Tapestry, their chief movable, was not commonly perfect enough to be real magnificence. Fretted ceilings, graceful mouldings, and painted glass, the ornaments of the preceding age, were fallen into disuse. Immense lights, composed of bad glass, in diamond panes, cast an air of poverty on their costly apartments."

But we are anticipating. *Place aux dames!* There is more to say about the builder of Hardwick. The story runs that her restless activity grew out of the belief that when her masons laid down the chisel and the hammer, Time would exact his due, and



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THE GREEN WALK FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—HARDWICK HALL: THE WEST FRONT.



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THE GATEHOUSE AND THE OLD HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

certain it is that she went on building up to the end of her life, in 1607, and it is believed that she died when frost stayed the work of the mason's hand. When quite a girl, Elizabeth Hardwick had married a Derbyshire squire—Robert Barlow of Barlow. To him succeeded Sir William Cavendish, who through her persuasion, if not through her actual initiative, began the building of old Chatsworth. Presently Sir William died, and his widow married Sir William St. Lo, Captain of Elizabeth's Guard; but the good captain, in his turn, departed, and then the wit and beauty of Elizabeth sufficed to captivate the fancy of that great nobleman, George, Earl of Shrewsbury. It is a matter of history that Mary Queen of Scots was for some seventeen years in his charge, being mostly detained at Sheffield Castle and at

Chatsworth, which the Earl occupied in right of his wife, but there can be little doubt that she also visited Hardwick, where her room is still shown, looking over the woods and garden at the rear of the house. The Countess was continually bickering with her last husband, and it is said that jealousy of the fair captive was at the root of the quarrel. At length Queen Elizabeth interposed in the cause of peace. "Her Majestic," wrote Roger Manners, to his brother John Manners at Haddon, "hath bin sondry tymes in hand with him for his wiffe, but he will nowais agree to accept her"; and again, "Your great Erle is very well, sayfe that he is more stoute agenst his lady than ever he was."

There is no certainty as to the hand that designed Hardwick, but it has been suggested that the house was the work possibly of Gerard Christmas or John Thorp or one of the Smithsons, though no doubt the character of the place was dictated by "Bess of Hardwick." What manner of gardens surrounded the mansion in her time we can only surmise. There were doubtless the yew alleys and other features of the period; and the great forecourt, with the characteristic gatehouse and the pinnacled wall, still remains to give distinction of character. But we shall probably be right if we surmise that the lady who so completely rejected much that was characteristic in the domestic buildings of her ancestors did not greatly cherish that spirit of enclosure which often ruled in the gardens of the period. Her vast windows giving a superb view over the country seem to suggest that there would be something new also in the character of the surroundings.

The gardens have undergone many changes, but they still retain a good deal of



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THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

quaintness and individuality, and the stone walls with their ornamental cresting bring the spirit of the mansion into them. The fine leaden figures which fall admirably into the picture are of a later date, and not even at Melbourne in the same county does finer garden lead-work exist. The long green walk enframed with tall yew hedges is a very distinctive feature of the place. The same may be said of the manner in which the forecourt is laid out, though that is comparatively modern. Then again, the noble flower border along the old south wall and similar borders in other parts of the gardens are extremely beautiful, and add richness and colour to the green lawns and the grey stonework. For the rest, little description is needed. The Duke of Devonshire maintains the gardens in truly beautiful order, and the park and surroundings are extremely fine. Wood and pasture form a foil and contrast to the house and its pleasure, and, as at Chatsworth, all is freely thrown open for the public to visit and enjoy. They have the opportunity of understanding a mansion which speaks loudly of a changing time in our history, and that is still the exemplar and representative, in its marked and characteristic form, of the ideas which inspired our ancestors more than three hundred years ago.

The pictures of Hardwick which accompany this article illustrate better than words can tell what are the features of the place, and it will be seen that they are rich, attractive, and



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FIR-TREE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

very varied. Derbyshire possesses many great mansions, but scarcely any so famous as this.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE publishing season has begun early this year, and with it a crop of new novels has reached me. One of the best of these is "The Isle of Unrest," by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, which has just been issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder. Mr. Merriman has long since been an established



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THE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

favourite with lovers of the novel of adventure. "The Sowers," with its vivid picture of Russian life, is known to all readers of contemporary fiction, and "With Edged Tools," that grim story of life in the poisonous Niger districts of Africa, was in its way quite a notable success. Since then we have had several stories from his pen—"Roden's Corner" appeared, I believe, only about a year ago—but none have been quite so popular as the two I have mentioned. However, a new novel from him is always welcome, and I was glad to see one among the books that reached me this week.

Mr. Merriman loves to go to outlandish places for the scenes of his stories. We have followed him already to Russia and to West Africa. In "The Isle of Unrest" he takes us to Corsica. The date of the story is the tragic time of 1870, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and France, in a few short weeks, was beaten to her knees. It is full of exciting incident from the first chapter, with the corpse of a murdered Corsican lying in its blood on the Place at Olmeta, to the last, in which the wounded hero, Lory de Vasselot, is being healed of his hurt by the beautiful Denise, whom he is to marry. It is all told in Mr. Merriman's well-known incisive style, the descriptions terse, the dialogue epigrammatic. And if the wit is not always gold, it nearly always glitters, which in fiction is perhaps the next best thing.

I will not spoil the book for my readers by disclosing its plot in detail. I will only say that they will find in it a love story which ends happily, grim scenes of murder and lawlessness in Corsica, grimmer scenes of battle and slaughter in France, several admirably-drawn characters—Colonel Gilbert and the Abbé Susini, for example—and a mystery well sustained. To me, one of the most interesting points about "The Isle of Unrest" is the vividly-sketched portrait of the third Napoleon which it incidentally contains. So many people have written of Napoleon III. as a charlatan, a second-rate or even third-rate personality, a nobody in fact, that it is pleasant to see the other side of the question in Mr. Merriman's sympathetic pages. To Mr. Merriman the unfortunate Emperor is a commanding and a fascinating figure, a man of wonderful will-power, of keen intelligence, who only fell from the high place to which he had raised himself when failing health had come upon him and will and intellect had lost something of their force. Here is his pregnant summary of the man's career:



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THE GREEN WALK OF YEWS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"It is for kings to declare war, for nations to fight and pay. Napoleon III. declared war against Russia, and France fought side by side with England in the Crimea, not because the gayest and most tragic of nations had aught to gain, but to ensure an upstart Emperor a place among the monarchs of Europe. And that strange alliance was merely one move in a game played by a consummate intriguer—a game which began disastrously at Boulogne and ended disastrously at Sedan, and yet was the most brilliant feat of European statesmanship that had been carried out since the adventurer's great-uncle went to St. Helena."

"If France was not ready, she thought herself so, and was, at all events, willing. Nay, she was so eager that she shouted when she should have held her tongue. And who shall say what the schemer of the Tuileries thought of it all behind that pleasant smile, those dull and sphinx-like eyes? He had always believed in his star, had always known that he was destined to be great; and now, perhaps, he knew that his star was waning—that the greatness was past. He made his preparations quietly. He was never a flustered man, this nephew of the greatest genius the world has seen. Did he not sit three months later in



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MOUNTING-BLOCK AND GATE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

front of a cottage at Donchéry, and impassively smoke cigarette after cigarette while waiting for Otto von Bismarck? He was a fatalist.

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on."

"And it must be remembered to his credit that he asked no man's pity—a request as foolish to make for a fallen emperor as for the ordinary man who has, for instance, married in haste, and is given the leisure of a whole lifetime in which to repent. For the human heart is incapable of bestowing unadulterated pity; there must be some contempt in it. If the fall of Napoleon III. was great, let it be remembered that few place themselves by their own exertions in a position to fall at all."

Mr. Merriman has no new theory to spring upon us as to why Napoleon III. declared war. "The secret," he says, "lies buried in the Imperial Mausoleum at Frognal." But his miscalculation was great, and Mr. Merriman sets it before us in his pithy way:

"The French soldier must have someone to fight for—some one towering man in whom he trusts, who can turn to good account some of the best fighting material the human race has yet produced. And Napoleon III. was not such a man."

"It is almost certain that he counted on receiving assistance from Austria or Italy, and when this was withheld, the disease-stricken, suffering man must assuredly have realised that his star was sinking. He had made the mistake of putting off this great war too long. He should have fought it years earlier, before the Prussians had made sure of those steady, grumbling Bavarians, who bore the brunt of all the fighting, before his own hand was faltering at the helm and the face of God was turned away from the Napoleonic dynasty."

"The Emperor was no tactician, but he knew the human heart. He knew that at any cost France must lead off with a victory, not only for the sake of the little man in the red trousers, but to impress watching Europe, and perhaps snatch an ally from among the hesitating Powers. And the result was Snarbruck."

Altogether "The Isle of Unrest" is a clever book, and I confidently recommend it to novel readers.

I wonder how many novels Miss Braddon has written. Indeed, I wonder if she herself remembers. The names of sixty are given on the page facing the title-page of her latest book, "The Infidel" (Simpkin, Marshall), and I cannot help thinking that there must be others whose titles she has forgotten. "The Infidel" strikes me as disappointing. Perhaps its author's hand has a little lost its cunning with years; perhaps her plot was not very well chosen. Whatever

be the reason, I found it rather hard to get through. The heroine is the fair Antonia Thornton—"She has her mother's beauty and my brains," says her father in the first chapter—and an avowed sceptic. Fortune, however, smiles upon her, for, though the dowdless daughter of a penniless adventurer, she engages the affections of Lord Kilrush, and is married to him on his death-bed, pledging herself never to marry again. How she becomes a social lioness in London; how she offers to divide Lord Kilrush's fortune with his next-of-kin, George Stobart, whom he has left penniless; how she falls in love with him, has a hard struggle with herself as to whether she should marry again, and ultimately determines to remain true to her promise to the deceased Lord Kilrush, need not be told here.

"The World's Blackmail," by Lucas Cleeve (F. V. White), is a clever story of an energetic Californian settler, Lucas White, who, having made an enormous fortune, comes to England with the determination "to do what it takes others generations to attain to in twenty years." He aspires "to be popular in London, Le hail-fellow-well-met with a duke, and then, to give it all up, to do some good in the world, to save from ruin some poor people, to give others

a leg up." His plans are helped on by a lovely daughter, but hindered by an appalling son, and a desperately vulgar, though good and simple, wife. At first all goes well with the millionaire, and he is quickly surrounded by an army of toadies and swindlers, headed by Lord Tregall, the villain of the story. He plunges into political and economic questions with a sincere wish to help and raise the struggling poor. Unhappily, his wish to enrich and ennoble himself is even stronger. He is, in fact, an honest man who suffers from ignoble impulses, a not uncommon disease perhaps. Despite his lofty aims, therefore, we find him bribing freely to attain his ends, and ultimately he "sidles into the Tory benches," and lets his schemes of Radical reform go by the board. But life is not all sunshine for this honest schemer. Lord Tregall and his hangers-on fleece him unmercifully, and his self-conceit makes him an easy prey in their hands. In a sense, however, he achieves a temporary success. His daughter marries Lord Trewellet, his entertainments in his great house are attended by fashionable folk, he buys a place in Kent and a Scotch moor. Then the tide turns, and the prosperity of Lucas White collapses like a house of cards. The well-meaning hero repents in his affliction, and the book ends with his rehabilitation, the arch swindler Tregall dies, and, in fact,

"Vice is spanked—but not too hard,
And virtue gets its due reward
In extra helps of jam."

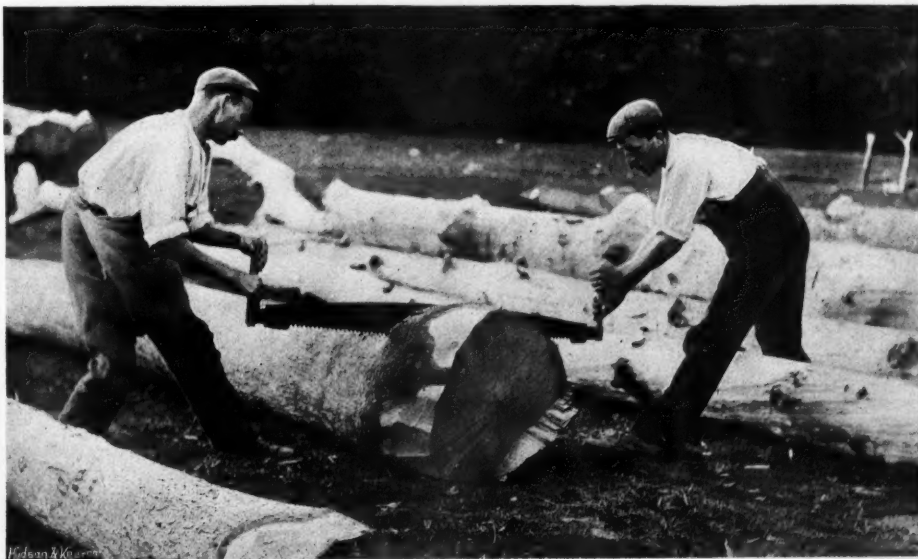
The book is rather long, and the descriptions of the stock-jobbing villainies of some of its characters might have been spared. Greed and dishonesty are not merely the less admirable, but also the less interesting, qualities of humanity. But they are described with a conscientious fidelity, and perhaps add to the "actuality" of the book.

I have only left myself a few lines in which to speak of "Wounds in the Rain," a collection of vivid sketches of blood and war in Cuba, by the late Mr. Stephen Crane, which Messrs. Methuen have published. Those persons who admired "The Red Badge of Courage"—and they are many—will find the same qualities displayed in Mr. Crane's latest book. Personally, I find Mr. Crane somewhat too bloodthirsty. I "sup on horrors" rather unwillingly, as a rule, and these gruesome and realistic pictures of flying bullets and soldiers falling like sheaves of corn, interspersed with that spread-eagleism which no American, writing of American warfare, is ever completely without, somewhat go against my stomach. But Mr. Crane's work is wonderfully clever, and his

last book shows little, if any, deterioration from that which made his name.

The Rail Render.

HEDGE carpentry is the name given to some of the best and most durable work in wood. Perhaps the oldest and best of all is the building of the roofs of barns. The logs and beams are fitted so as to bear all reasonable strains of wind and weather, and to cover a great width of roof, with no pillars to hold it up. Out of doors the hedge carpenter is mainly occupied in making fences. These differ in different parts of England, according to the kind of wood grown there. Where wood is scarce and bad, the wattled fence—a work of great ingenuity, but which goes completely rotten in seven years—is made. Where timber is wholly absent, as on the



J. T. Newman.

THE OAKS ARE SAWN ACROSS.

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SPLITTING SHORT LENGTHS.

Copyright

chalk Downs, if wood is used at all it is Norway fir, squared and fitted into flat rails. A very pretty fence is made by fastening a flattened St. Andrew's cross of oak between two uprights and connecting the posts with straight bars above and below. This should be done in roughly-split oak or elm, fastened with wooden pegs. Ash is of no use for rails; it is always worm-eaten in a year or two. But of all fencing none equals the close continuous split oak work. It makes the prettiest, the most durable, and the most improving boundary of a park or garden, for every year that it stands it becomes more picturesque. It lasts fifty years, or with careful mending longer still. It is usually made either solid, with a level top, or the posts are carried up a foot higher than the main line of the laths, and these are carried up alternately in sets of three to the level of the top rail. This makes a fence tall enough to keep in fallow deer, and costs about 8s. a yard, or about 2d. a yard per year, allowing for cost of repairs and the average duration of the railing. This sounds rather costly, but



J. T. Newman.

THE WORKSHOP IN THE WOODS.

Copyright

all forms of fence, except good quickset thorn, are expensive. Labour, not material, is the main item. But the oak of which it is made must be of a particular quality, far more common on the Continent than in England. We allow our oaks to sprawl about in thin woods, and to put out any quantity of side boughs. In France and Germany they are planted as closely together as they will live, and so develop into good straight-grained sticks. Straightness of grain is the first necessity for oak lath rending. When suitable trees are found and felled, THE OAKS ARE SAWN ACROSS into battens of exactly the length needed for the laths. Then comes the turn of the "beetle and wedge," the time-honoured sign of old inns where the woodmen used to refresh themselves.

The wedges are heavy masses of iron, tempered at the point and soft at the top. These are driven into the log as it lies on its side, and the oak is split laterally into four quarters. The next stage of splitting is less laborious, and is done with less primitive tools. The implements in use are all of the same shape, but vary much in size. The medium size is shown in the view of SPLITTING SHORT LENGTHS. These are short bits of the trunk, and would be rent into laths for making an inferior kind of rail, in which two lengths are used, one above the other, the laths being nailed along a centre rail. The tool is called a fletcher, and is like nothing else in the hedge carpenter's stock. It is held as shown in the picture, on the top of the block of oak. Down comes the mallet on its back, and the knife sinks into the grain. Crack it falls again, and the oak with a splitting rend slivers into two. It is almost the nicest tool to use of any; it is so easy to work, and the results are so rapid and attained with so little effort. The white-coopers, so-called because they make all their wooden vessels and tubs with white wooden hoops and not with black iron ones, have whole sets of these little fletchers of various sizes, some scarcely larger than the blade of a breakfast knife, though, of course, much thicker and stronger. When the quarters have been split into eighths, and the eighths into sixteenths, the actual tearing off of the oak laths begins. There is great art in getting them of exactly the right thickness, and with no waste of material. Also they must not be ragged or uneven, as this wastes the time of the man who does the work of FINISHING WITH THE DRAWING-KNIFE. If the reader will look into this picture, he will be struck with the workmanlike simplicity of the whole equipment. Hedge carpentry is so called because it is done out of doors under a hedge, or, as in this case, in the wood where the oaks grew, under a



J. T. Newman. SKILFUL WORKMAN RENDING A LONG LATH.

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J. T. Newman. FINISHING WITH THE DRAWING-KNIFE.

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tree. There is not one bit of apparatus, with the exception of the tools, which the man has not set up himself. It is quite adequate to his purpose. In finishing he has two posts. The thickest has a couple of wooden pegs with squared tops put through auger holes; between he jams one end of the lath, and leans the other end on the top of the near post. He keeps it steady by the pressure of his body, and a few deft slips of the drawing-knife make the sides smooth.

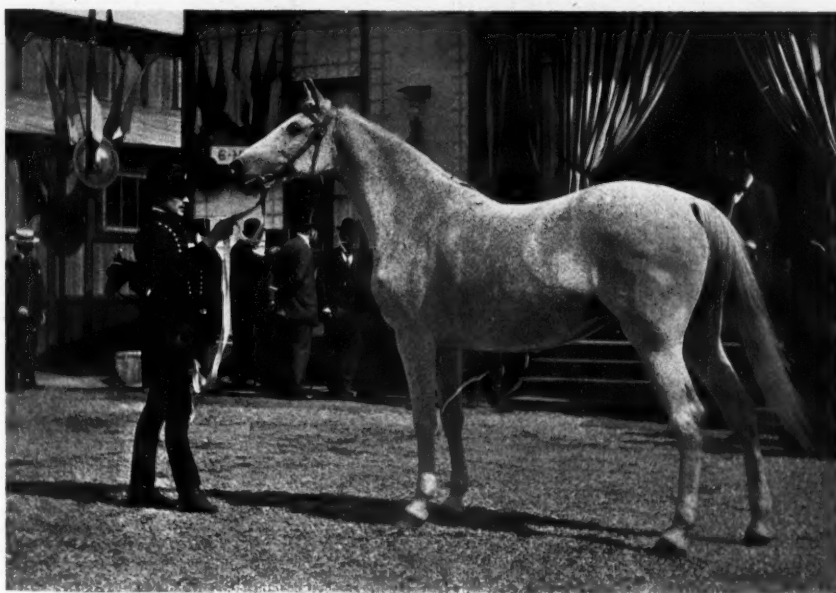
Again we see the SKILFUL WORKMAN RENDING A LONG LATH with a modified form of fletcher, called a rending iron. THE WORKSHOP IN THE WOODS shows the render and finisher—partners in this good and wholesome craft—in their improvised workshop. The splitting of oak is done in late spring and early summer, in surroundings as pleasant and as like mediæval England as ever Chaucer could have pictured.

PARIS INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

WHEN I was asked to judge at the Paris International Horse Show, it meant cutting a holiday in two and giving up a trip to Bosnia and Herzegovina, to which I had long looked forward. However, I have no reason to regret my acceptance of the post, and it is not too much to say that it was the greatest equine exhibition that the world has ever seen.

What made it so especially interesting was, that here on the same ground, so that they could be compared one with another, were over 1,700 of the best specimens of the various breeds of horses from nearly every horse-breeding country in Europe, and a fine collection of those Eastern horses which have had so large a share in giving character and force to many horses of the present day, and which possess in an unrivalled degree the power of leaving a lasting stamp on even their most distant progeny.

The judging was not conducted quite on English lines, as the horses were brought out singly in the first instance, but immerse

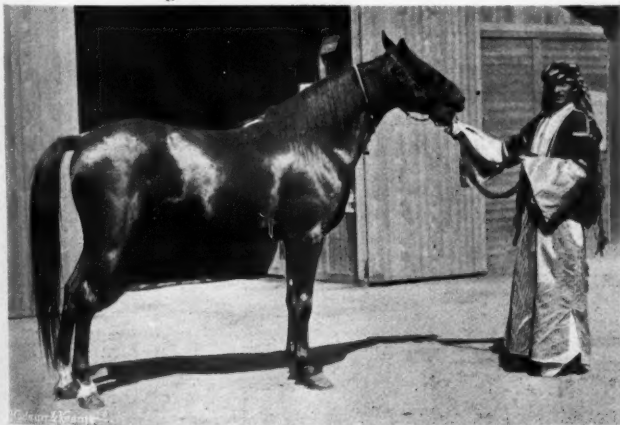


HUNGARIAN HALF-BRED ARAB SHAGYA VIII.

white garments, would gallop round, going through imaginary charges; at another a string of eight Belgian cart horses would trot round in a line; while the magnificent display of grey Orloff and Streletz horses from the Imperial Russian studs evoked universal admiration. It was, however, reserved for the English Hackneys to bring down the house, and when, in spite of the protestation of officials, the Hackney grooms gave a show down the centre of the ring, there was a great outburst of applause both from the general public and from the grand stand, after which the

Englishmen were allowed to show their horses to their hearts' content, and to the evident delight of the onlookers; and without any prejudice the Hackney may be said to have scored a great triumph.

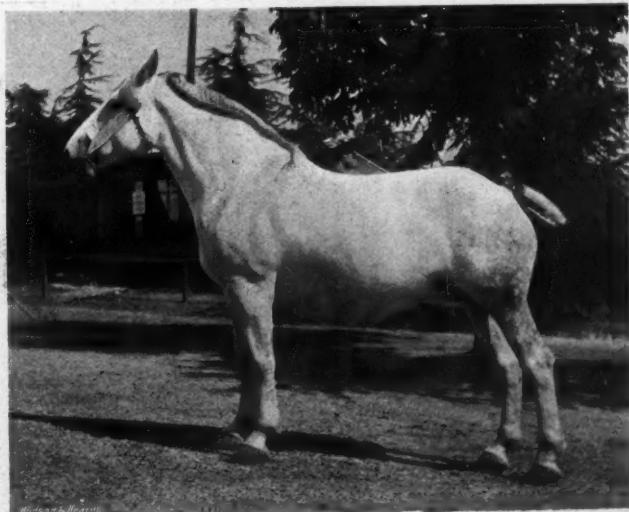
It would be impossible to describe nearly forty distinct breeds of horses that have been created in different countries, specially to fulfil the requirements that their breeders have put before them, but there were certain striking features in the show which should not be passed over. Possibly the Orloff horses, which also gave a fine display in harness, were the most universally admired. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will have seen an article in the issue of August 4th last where I attempted to describe that breed, and gave the photographs of the three stallions that were afterwards selected by the Russian authorities to represent them in Paris. With reference to Véter-Bouiny, the Orloff winner of the championship in Paris, I may perhaps be permitted to quote a note taken more than a year before in Russia when looking at that horse in his box. He was the first stallion shown to me. I went into raptures about him, and wrote as follows in



ARAB STALLION DEHMAN—CHONEIMAN.

pains were taken to arrive at first results, and on a jury of five, of which I had the honour of serving as the English representative, under the presidency of Count Lehndorff, the duty of awarding championships between the winning horses of different breeds from different countries was intensely interesting. Here the horses had to be judged, not as the best specimen of a particular breed, but as the most perfect type of a horse no matter what the breed.

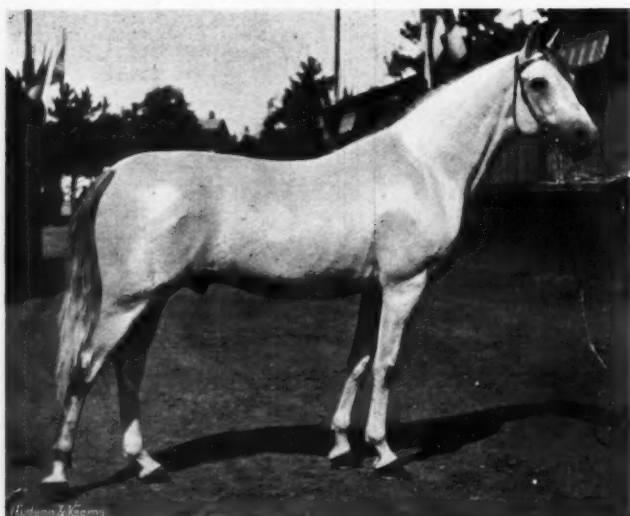
When the two days' of judging were over, grand parades were held of the prize-winners, and on the day when President Loubet attended in state many striking scenes were witnessed. At one time half-a-dozen Bedouins on their gallant little Arabs would dash into the ring with wild cries and scamper round, twisting and turning in a marvellous manner; at another a group of Hungarian Chikos, in their crimson jackets and flowing



FIRST PRIZE PERCHERON MARE.

my note-book: "General D — tells me to wait, but I think this is the best Orloff stallion I have ever seen, or shall ever see; he is as good a specimen as you could look at."

The Streletzk horses were also very beautiful, and it is difficult to imagine animals of more perfect type and conformation. These horses have largely inherited the attributes of their Arab sires. Then, too, the Russians showed a most perfect type of high-class cavalry horse, called the Orloff-Rostopchine, its ancestors on one side being bred by Prince Orloff from Arab stallions and English thorough-bred mares, direct descendants of Eclipse, Pot8os, and some of our best horses, sent to him by the then Russian Ambassador in London, Count Vorontsoff, crossed with animals bred in a similar manner by Count Rostopchine, also an ardent horse breeder, and a contemporary of Count Orloff's. However, by far the largest class in the show, and what may be termed the great breed that France has created, was the Anglo-Norman trotter or carriage horse. These are perhaps the finest big carriage horses in existence. Standing some 16h. in. high, they are noble-looking horses, with fine striding action, and nearly all making excellent use of their hocks. In the early part of their pedigrees you will find both English Hackneys and thorough-breds crossed on Norman mares, and the animals thus bred recrossed together, so that a regular type has been established. The breed is now chiefly famous for



RUSSIAN STRELETZK STALLION.

the families of three great sires; two of these, Cherbourg and Fuchsia, which sired many of the chief winners in the show, it was my good fortune to see in one of the State studs in Normandy a few days later, and a finer stallion of any breed than Cherbourg it has never been my lot to look on. France was not only worthily represented by her Anglo-Normans, but had a fine display of heavy draught horses in Percherons and Boulonnaise, while from Brittany came those hardy post-horses which are chiefly the produce of Hackney stallions.

Of Hungary's exhibit, the beautiful mare Shagya VIII., and the little half-bred Arab stallion Kopeilan, from Babolna, were perhaps the pick of the basket, while for weight-carrying chargers it would be hard to surpass the five chestnut Gidran stallions exhibited.

This family was founded by the importation of an Arab stallion named Gidran in the year 1818, his produce being crossed later on with English horses, and now at Mezöhegyes, the largest stud in Hungary, you may see 100 chestnut Gidran mares grazing on the plains, so similar in appearance that it is hard to distinguish one from the other.

Germany has probably been more successful in her attempt to breed heavy harness horses than anything else, and an Oldenburg mare of beautiful shape



OLDENBURG MARE, ERRA II.

won the championship of all foreign countries, to be defeated in turn, when competing with France, by an Anglo-Norman. It is perhaps not unfair to take them in this order, and to put in heavy harness horses the Anglo-Norman first and the Oldenburg second, while in light harness horses, and those that are most fashionable now in Paris and London, the Hackney is *facile princeps*.

The history of the Oldenburg horse is not uninteresting, and very similar to that of the horses from the Holstein Marshes, also of a heavy harness type. The Grand Duchy of Oldenburg has long been famous for its horses, and as far back as 1603 some large studs existed in the district. It was not, however, until 1820 that a stallion selection committee was inaugurated under the control of the Government, which assisted by giving prizes for the best horses bred in the district, and especially for fine mares.

That selection committee has gradually grown into a horse-breeding union, which has now 3,200 members. The breeding territory is divided into thirty-seven districts, each headed by a foreman and three trustees. The thirty-seven foremen form the board of the union, and manage all the affairs of the society. Horse-breeding records have been kept since 1820 by the Grand Ducal Committee, and these, together with records kept by private breeders, have now been transformed into a stud book, containing some 1,400 stallions and 10,500 mares. In return for all this trouble the breeders have been amply repaid, and have produced a horse that comes to maturity at a very early age, and sells readily for a remunerative price in many of the world's best markets.

Most countries do not seem to have attained the same success in breeding half-bred horses from thorough-bred stallions as when they have used Eastern sires. Too many of the former are leggy nondescript animals, while almost invariably where the Arab cross has been used a definite type of superior shape, quality, and action has been established, though in most cases of a smaller size. It would be unfair to close this criticism without noticing the success that Belgium has attained in producing a draught horse of great power and of not unwieldy size, though in beauty the Belgian horse cannot compare with either the French Percherons or Boulonnaise.

The lessons to be learnt from such a show, which is unlikely



HUNGARIAN CHIKOS ON GIDRAN STALLIONS.

to be repeated on the same scale in the present generation, seem to have been strangely neglected by our home authorities. One would think that at least the War Office would have sent a commission of experts to take advantage of such a unique opportunity to view and compare the best cavalry horses of other countries, and had it not been for the energy of some of the members of our small party, the lessons of this magnificent show would have been lost to English horse breeders, who,

although they may still claim to be unrivalled in the production of the thorough-bred, the hunter, and the Hackney, are behind other countries in breeding many of those horses that it is now most paying to produce.

FREDERICK WRENCH.

ON THE GREEN.

WE hear various things of a conflicting nature by cablegram from America about the doings over there of Taylor and Vardon—first that Taylor will not meet Vardon in a match, then that he will meet him on the green of the club that puts up the biggest purse, the proceeds to go to the Galveston Relief Fund (this is so like Taylor that it has strong claims to credence), and, finally, that he has offered to play Vardon on a date that he knows the latter cannot accept (this being so singularly unlike him that we decline it credence altogether). But one thing now does seem certain—that Taylor and Vardon have really met in the American championship, and that the result reverses the verdict (to use the cant phrase) of the British championship. Vardon is champion, as we understand, of the United States, beating Taylor by two or three strokes, and the rest of the field by a sufficient margin to show that these two are in a class by themselves so far as the States are concerned. True, Taylor, as we are told, has not been well. It is quite certain that he was not at all well for a while after arrival in America. Also Vardon has had a deal more experience of American greens, which we understand have their peculiarities; but really there is not the slightest reason to apologise for the result, and Taylor would not thank us for doing so. He knows, and we all know, that it must be a grand fight between these two grand golfers whenever and wherever they meet, in match or competition, and neither, we are very sure, would wish to make excuses for himself when the other beat him. It is fair fortune of war that one should win at one time and the other the next. That is all there is to say about it. So Taylor is champion of Great Britain, Vardon of America, and which of the two is the higher title it would not be becoming in us, our opinion being what it is, to say. This we may remark, however, for what it is worth—that that were not in the American championship field either Braid or Herd, and that makes a difference.

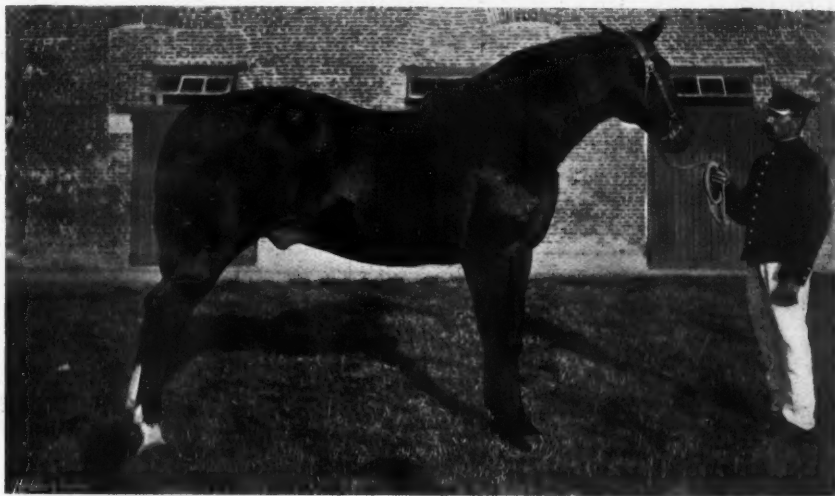
Braid has been on tour. A little while ago he was at Seaton Carew, and found all his match there in that most consistent of fine steady players, James Kay. Kay's is a name not so very well known to the general public of golfers as that of some others, but the first-class men and all the professionals know him, and respect him not a little. A very quiet, solid, undemonstrative kind of player, he is afraid of no man on earth, can always play his game when he wants to, and brings out a much better result than his methods lead you to expect of him; so it is no discredit to Braid that he could not beat Kay on the latter's home green.

And then, later, Braid has played Renouf on the course of the Carlisle and Silloth Club, where the latter young Jerseyman is now at home, and here, too, he met his match. But it is evident that here again his failure to win (the match was halved) was due to no weak play on his part, but to golf that is a great credit to his young opponent. Renouf has always been a well plucked player, and even as a boy on the links at Jersey, where he was famed as a demon putter, one of the best points about his game was his own perfect confidence in it. It is a confidence that stood him in good stead against Braid, who had the lead of him at one time, and Renouf only halved the match by doing his second round in 70, within two points of his own record score. Braid also was 70 in the afternoon, so the spectators must have seen a very fine match very finely played. This Renouf may have in him the making of a champion.

HABITS OF GAME.—VII.

PROBABLY no series of articles on this subject would be complete without the following quotation from Daniel. He says: "According to Ray, there are one-third more male than female partridges hatched, and it is well known the old cocks will drive the young off the ground, and afterwards frequently fight until they kill each other. When too many birds are left, these contentions are sure to happen, and the consequence is a scanty produce, for the female is so pursued that she drops her eggs in various places, forming no nest, and perhaps never laying two eggs in the same spot. So well aware was the Duke of Kingston of this circumstance that he always had the partridges netted upon his manors as soon as paired, and destroyed all the cocks. The late Mr. Doughty of Le's.or., who was an excellent and most observant sportsman, once preserved an over stock of old partridges, and declared to the compiler he did not believe for two seasons following there was a covey of young birds upon a tract of near 3,000 acres of as fine breeding land as any in the kingdom. He shot and encouraged the destruction of this stock of ancients by all possible means, and the result was that the partridges bred again as abundantly as formerly."

Now either the Duke of Kingston knew more in his generation than we do in ours, or he went a great deal too far. In "British Game Birds," by B. R. Morris, we are told that the partridge is strictly monogamous, and if all the cocks were killed it is clear others would have had to come in from outside the estate, that is, if the experiment was a success. What probably happened was that, instead of all being caught, a very small proportion were captured, and all the cocks amongst these only were killed. I imagine that there is nothing to prevent the capture of paired birds now, but the killing of the cocks would be an infringement of the game laws; still, there are plenty of ways of disposing of them should it be deemed wise to follow the Duke of Kingston at this later date. It does not do to assume that we know very much more than our ancestors about partridges, as until the benefits of driving game were observed



ANGLO-NORMAN STALLION CHERBOURG.

(20 Years Old.)

on some estates there were probably fewer partridges on them, as there are now in most parts of England, than there were at the beginning of the century. What the Duke of Kingston did for all the cock birds caught probably would have been far better done for all the old cocks only throughout the estate; but then the difficulty of detecting old from young in February is not now got over any more than it was then. That, therefore, is probably the reason why driving the game to the guns is even more effectual for preservation than the Duke of Kingston's method was. I do not think that anyone now nets his partridges in February, or that many people would have the courage of the Duke's convictions, and kill *all* the cocks if they did. It is a belief, with or without foundation, that the old birds come first to the guns; no doubt they do up to a certain period of the shooting season, but it seems very doubtful indeed whether they do so as late as, say, the middle of October, and yet if they do not, the greater part of partridge driving being later than that is no means of getting rid of the old birds out of the covey, although it would be distinctly beneficial even then in reducing barren birds, which, as a rule, do come only in pairs. But although it is doubtful whether old birds come first or fly stronger late in the shooting season, I think there is no question that the old cock birds are very apt to separate themselves from the coveys when they are flushed. In shooting over dogs, for instance, I have not infrequently been able to kill the old cock when the covey rose wild, for no other reason than that he separated himself and flew back over the gun, whereas the rest went forward—away from it. However, the cock partridge is not nearly as much given to this as the old cock grouse.

The remarks as to the strange cocks chasing the hens about until they drop their eggs in all places but a nest must have observation for its basis; but I think that this remark left as it stands would induce young preservers to shoot down their game for fear they might be left too thickly on the ground. Personally I have never known casually dropped partridges' eggs to be picked up in quantities that would suggest anything of the sort. The period of the year when the fighting goes on is at pairing time generally, and it does not happen as a rule in the laying season, which is two and a-half months afterwards. That good management can induce birds to breed in large numbers on a limited space of ground is certain where the keeping, the ground, and its surroundings are all favourable. As an instance of this I may quote Mr. Arthur Blyth, who for two consecutive years (1898-99 and 1899-1900) made the best day's shooting at partridges, and also the record two days in each year. Mr. Blyth, who comes of a family of sportsmen, is very fond of a little amateur keeping, and with his binoculars has counted as many as forty pairs of partridges in an eighty acre wheatfield in the spring—that is, after the pairing and the fighting time, and when each pair has learnt its own ground and more or less keeps to it. It is impossible to believe that in shooting for a big day, as Mr. Blyth does, there is any selection whatever attempted to be made between cocks and hens, or between old and young. As he shoots the same ground once only in the season, it would be out of the question to expect it, and so it must have happened that some of the best partridge preservation ever done was effected by nothing more than the natural selection brought about by the drive. But the whole of this ground is surrounded by partridge preserves, and it will not, therefore, do to assume that what is right in one place would do for another. When the old cock birds, like the London police, say "Move on, sir," it is conceivable that the young birds of Essex and Cambridgeshire reply, "Oh! dear; where am I to move to?" whereas in a sparsely tenanted district they would go at once for the sake of a quiet life.

I have, since my last article appeared, received very useful information about some partridges which were marked and turned out, some of which remained for two years in the very field in which they were put, but I must refer again to this on another occasion, for I hope to get more information in the meantime. Of course, it is well recognised that some birds stop where they are turned down, or the importation of Hungarians would have long ago ceased. The letter in question, however, refers to both tame-bred English birds and Hungarians, and, again, it is well understood that tame-bred birds occasionally stop where they are bred—I think I might go as far as to say that they nearly always do so if their numbers are small, and that it is only when they pick that they lose their heads and go where chance and the wind take them. The subject is very important indeed, for at present individual effort is very much thrown away in the preservation of partridges, and I hardly expect to see any portions of the poor counties brought up to the standard of the eastern counties without united effort on the part of preservers.

Important as these possibilities are to the game preserver, I think that they are of even more importance to the landowner. We hear of so many impossible things that are to restore agriculture and farming rents, that it is a wonder to see preservation of partridges neglected as it is. I have personally paid 6s. an acre for partridge shooting, and I have also paid 6d. an acre, and have found the former much the cheaper of the two. So much of the land in this country

represents the 6d. value or less. On an average, taking the country through, I do not believe one partridge is killed for every ten acres; yet an acre seems a monstrous tract of land for the requirements of the little brown bird, and there is no good reason why he should require more. The difference in rental quoted perhaps represents something very near the mark between the different values of a bird to one, or to ten, acres, and if so, then the moderate preservation of partridges throughout the country would mean a difference of at least 5s. an acre rental for sporting rights, a difference which would go some way towards making up for lost value in agricultural rents.

The record day's shooting for Scotland is having its expected effect. People are discussing the merits of driving as the only means of killing grouse that lends itself to increase of stock; but although there is no question whatever that driving is of great use in killing off the old birds, it may be that shooting over dogs gets rid of equally undesirable inhabitants of the moors—the weakly birds, those which first go down with disease. Be that as it may, the 11,000 acres of Moy was a capital moor before dogs were entirely given up upon it. In 1888 the bag over dogs and by driving was 2,911 brace. In 1893 the highest score was made since the dog days, and it was 2,240 brace for the season. Having regard to the two bags of 808 brace and 606½ brace made in two consecutive days this year, it is possible that the best previous year on the moor may be beaten. But even if it is, there are other moors in Scotland of about the same size, which generally exceed the best year's total obtained at Moy. One of these is Sir John Gladstone's, where they generally kill about 2,000 brace over dogs and another 2,000 brace afterwards. I have previously given it as my opinion that the Scotch moors are more above their average this year than are the English moors above theirs. This is confirmed now by the information from some more of the best driving moors in Yorkshire. Thus at High Force they got 1,010 brace in two days; at Broomhead only 600 brace in a day, as compared with a general average of 1,000 brace. This latter moor holds the record for a day in England, for 1,324 brace were bagged on August 30th, 1893. As both these moors are shot on the same system—that of concentration of sport into as short a time as possible—the comparison is a fair one, and it shows Scotland the better this year, but, at its best, not much more than half as good as the Yorkshire moors at their best. The MacKintosh has a great idea of concentrating the birds, not only as regards time, but space also, as most of his butts are only 15yds. from each other, and none of them more than forty-five. This is, of course, quite unusual concentration, as the space covered by ten butts is not more than one-fifth as much as is general, and to get the grouse from a large stretch of country into such a space must be carrying the art of driving very far indeed.

At Wemmergill, the moor made so famous by the exploits of the late Sir Fred Milbank, and kept more so by the great averages of Lord Westbury—the tenant ever since Sir Fred Milbank gave it up—they have had a great bag. In five days' shooting 2,060 brace of grouse were scored, and then in a second five days seven guns got 1,500 brace. Wemmergill and Moy are of nearly the same acreage, being within 1,000 acres of each other, and so it appears that even in a moderate year in England—and this has been no more—the best bag ever seen in Scotland is about on a level with that of the best moor in England this moderate year.

How much we depend on the weather for both grouse and partridges! The three weeks' start the grouse got rendered them safe, whereas many partridges were killed in all directions, but not in quite all places throughout England. Lord Berwick's 90 brace of partridges in the day looks particularly small against some of the grouse bags, and yet it was the best for a long time. Since then I have heard of a four days' bag near York, at Mr. John Menzies's place, where five guns got 259 brace of partridges and 269 hares—the latter is quite an unusual number of ground game to be obtained during partridge shooting. But I hear that at Hockwell Hall Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh's party killed 360 brace of partridges in the day, and that at another great shooting place 170 brace were killed also in the single day—the latter being at Lord Carnarvon's Highclere property. The worst news I have had—but it is at second-hand—is that about 5,000 young pheasants have died of disease on the Cast'e Rising estate in West Norfolk, and that this ill-luck of Lord Farquhar's is not by any means confined to a single estate in the district.

ARGUS OLIVE.

AT THE THEATRE.

THE poetical drama must always claim our respect and sympathy, if it be not merely a futility cut into lengths, even if it do not quite accomplish success. Such a drama is "Queen o' Scots," by Mr. Edward Rose and Mr. John Todhunter, which was produced at the Kennington Theatre, and is to be played from time to time during the tour of Miss Marion Terry and the company supporting her. "Queen o' Scots" has much in its favour—dignity, a frequent sonority and poetry in the writing, blank verse which is often removed from the mediocre. Unfortunately, these qualities are counterbalanced by an absence of dramatic treatment and interest, by an absence of character. The playwrights who place Queen Elizabeth upon the stage must not be content to make her a mere vulgar scold, who bring to life Mary Stuart of Scotland, should not present her as an angel of all the virtues. For the purposes of art many liberties with history are permissible; but when such world-famous figures as these are chosen, it is not only unconvincing, it is not even good or excusable art, to take from them all the individuality which we know is theirs, and to make them something which we know they were not. Such people should be given fictitious names in a fictitious country. Elizabeth, in spite of her vindictiveness and her cruelty, should not disgust us, because of her regal power; Mary, in spite of her beauty and her misfortunes, should not be made an angel of goodness, because of these flaws in her character which it is idle to suppress.

In spite of much bustle and movement, there are no incidents in Messrs. Rose and Todhunter's often admirably written and

aspiring play, which really impress or appeal. The scolding scene between the two Queens was a scolding scene and nothing more; the scene of the attempted rescue of Mary and the suicide of her Romanist-Puritan lover, Sir Edward Mortimer, at no time held imagination in a grip. The amours of Elizabeth and Leicester hardly interested—and that is a bad fault in authors dealing with such an interesting topic.

Miss Marion Terry gave to the character of Mary much womanliness, sweetness, and charm; any part assumed by Miss Terry must have these attributes. That she failed to invest the character with any distinct individuality must be charged to the authors. Her unfamiliarity with the lines, even at critical moments, was regrettable. Mr. Thalberg brings his quiet and unconventional methods to bear upon the part of Mortimer, and makes that ardent young convert from Puritanism to Catholicism—due chiefly, it may be suspected, to the beautiful eyes of Mary Stuart—an interesting and attractive figure in the play. Leicester, Shrewsbury, and Burleigh had representatives more than capable in Messrs. Beresford, Gelderd, and Paxton.

"FOR Auld Lang Syne"—we do not know why For Auld Lang Syne—at the Lyceum might have been a very good melodrama indeed if it had continued as well as it began. But it did not. It began freshly, unconventionally, humanly; it continued in the same old way, on the same old



Ellis and Waring. MISS LILY HANBURY.

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pattern. Truth and reality of characterisation were replaced by the old, old labelled, trade-marked heroes and villains; newness of incident by the dear old things we have learned to love through years at the Adelphi.

The play begins at Kimberley—spelled Camberley—during the siege. All the warlike effects are there to give reality and excitement. A British officer is caught by the Boers and is about to be murdered in cold blood, when, at the last moment, after bearing up like a man, he cannot face such a death, and consents to become a traitor, the abettor in assassination. This is very good—however incredible—very fresh for melodrama. It is a psychological study. He had been a brave fellow; he was not a villain for the mere love of villainy. The treachery caused him terrible moments of agony. Ho, ho! we thought, we are to see a study of development of character along rational lines. Will he go from bad to worse, falling, falling, from stress of circumstance, or will he, by sacrifice and repentance and renunciation, gain absolution? Nothing of the kind; he becomes an Adelphi villain—a liar for the sake of lying, a villain for the sake of the boys of the gallery. He traduces his friend, he steals wills, he ruins and deserts a trusting village maiden. And the scene changed to a village inn in England on New Year's Eve,

where the yokels danced and the village idiot drank beer. Our fine young hero of South Africa grew into the horse-racing, going-to-the-devil young squire hallowed by tradition. Our heroine is not the daughter of the good lady whose name she bears; of course not. She is the daughter of the renegade Englishman who used the treacherous officer to get him into Camberley and to aid him in the murder of Lord Escourt, the Governor of that town, whom the Boers hated above all others, because he had evidently taken a leaf from the book of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Later we find the murderer a bailiff's man in England, who refuses to claim his daughter in order that she may never know his crime and as a penance for his misdeed—for Lord Escourt was the brother of the man in possession, though the fratricide did not know him because of his title. After the first act of "For Auld Lang Syne" there is not a fresh idea or incident in the piece.

Not all the earnestness of Miss Lily Hanbury as the heroine—Miss Hanbury is not well placed as a melodramatic heroine—or of Mr. Boyne as the hero, or of Mr. Mollison as the traitor of the veldt and the broker's man of rural England, could save the piece; not all the native humour of Miss Fanny Brough, in the worst part we have ever seen her play, could save the piece; not even the fine, nervous, realistic acting of Mr. Abingdon, who gave us an artistic and telling picture of the terrors and anguish of the British officer who has saved his life at the price of his honour.

MISS ESME BERINGER made a deep impression by her acting in her mother's play, "Jim Belm nt," produced recently at the Métropole Theatre, Camberwell. As a vulgar music-hall singer, a splendid, great-hearted creature, the young actress played with a fire, a passion, and a pathos quite remarkable, which bid us hope that she will take very high rank indeed before long. Her delightful performance of Romeo is not yet forgotten. The piece itself, while not without power, had but little novelty or grace of treatment, and was marred by continuous references to the Deity and unpleasant suggestiveness in words and "business" only too rampant nowadays.

Captain Marshall, one of the wittiest and most brilliant of the newer dramatists, has chosen a quaint method of describing the acts of his new comedy, "The Noble Lord," which we are to see at the Criterion on the 18th inst. Thus the first act is called "The Price of Peace," the second "A Debt of Honour," the third "The Wedding Guest." In the cast we shall welcome back that most diverting comedian, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, one of the most admirable farcical actors of our time, and Miss Annie Hughes, a dainty

and artistic actress who of late has been much too little seen. The cast of "The Noble Lord" is exceptionally strong and appetising. No better array of comedians could be wished for than Mr. Grossmith, Mr. George Giddens, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, and Miss Hughes. With such a cast, if the play prove as novel in idea and sparkling in treatment as "His Excellency the Governor" and "A Royal Family," by the same author, success should be assured. Captain Marshall is deservedly in request. His new play for the Haymarket will follow the revival of "The School for Scandal" there. It deals with modern military life.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has sprung a surprise upon us. She will reopen the Royalty Theatre towards the end of this month with a new serious "problem" play of the sexes—oh, these problem plays of the sexes!—entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Davenport," by Mr. Frank Harris. It would not be surprising to those "in the swim" if this piece revealed qualities and a style not hitherto associated with the name of Mr. Harris. The play is written on that most fashionable formula of "a man and two women," which at present is elbowing everything else from the drama—not at all to the advantage of the drama. Our dramatists are forcing on a reaction to the romantic school of sword and feather much earlier than it is due. But the public will soon surely be satiated with these delvings and divings into the "root of all evil," which, according to the playwrights, is no longer all-demoralising lucre. There is to be a daring development of the "screen scene" in the new work, where a man, having locked the door, makes violent love to a lady, unconscious of the fact that his wife is resting on the couch behind a screen. Enter to them the other lady's husband, the door being opened to him after his threat that he will burst it in. This post-nuptial passion has quite elbowed the word "sweetheart" from the dramatic dictionary. And it is such a pretty word. But prettiness is now rather taboo on the stage. "Lurid," in the besmirched lexicon of the drama, is the popular adjective.

Only a few months ago the "frock-coat drama" was almost entirely absent from the West End of London, nearly every theatre being given over to plays of adventure. This autumn the state of affairs is reversed. The serious theatres, including the St. James's, the Garrick, the Royalty, Wyndham's, the Duke of York's, are presenting, or will present, works of a more or less ethical kind, with never a frill or a feather among them. The Lyceum, too, must be added to the list of theatres given over to modernity. Her Majesty's still upholds the play of romance, and the Prince of Wales's will probably continue to amuse us with "English Nell." As an exception to the general rule, we have "Colonel Cromwell" at the Globe, where the very up-to-date "Gay Lord Quex" held the boards last year.

Suburban and country playgoers should not miss the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Mouillot enact the name part in "Miss Hobbs," Mr. Jerome's lively comedy, recently performed at the Duke of York's Theatre, when that opportunity comes their way. Mrs. Mouillot is a comedienne of more than usual charm and distinction, and she is surrounded by a company much above the average of those who go round the country representing the "latest London successes."

The last act of "The Messenger Boy" at the Gaiety is shortly to include a representation of the Paris Exhibition. PHEBUS.

LITERARY NOTES.

"COUNTRY LIFE," especially in its literary columns, has little concern with politics or with politicians. It is, indeed, in much of the mood of the Berkshire shepherd recently immortalised in the *Spectator*—he is a real and living shepherd, by the way—who said that he knew all about sheep-ticks, but nothing of politics. But when men of letters are elected to serve in Parliament, an event which happens but rarely, the aspect of affairs becomes different, and a word or two of congratulation cannot be inappropriate.

Now of late there have been two notably literary recruits to the new Parliament, and the election of each of them is full of happy augury and peculiarly apt. There is first Mr. Henry Norman. He is a journalist of the first order of merit who has been a rolling stone, but the kind of rolling stone which gathers moss. On the *Pall Mall Gazette* he did some work of sterling merit, and then he travelled and studied in the Far East earnestly and steadily, and the result of those travels and studies was a serious book and a thoughtful, which is not only pleasant in the reading, but also full of valuable information for contemporary students of a problem which, whatsoever our view of it may be, presses more and more every day. All men ought, therefore, to rejoice, quite apart from Mr. Norman's opinions on domestic questions, that he is to sit at St. Stephen's and to give to the House of Commons the benefit of his opinions on the great Eastern problem. There may be, and there are, men who will not see eye to eye with him on these domestic questions, but they may console themselves with the thought that, while his advice on the Far Eastern question will be valuable, his vote on other questions will not matter much.

Even more glad am I of the election of one whom I may call my friend, in the person of Mr. Gilbert Parker, for he is a colonial of the colonials, and it is of peculiarly happy augury that he should be chosen to sit in Parliament at a time when the Colonies and the Mother Country—the Old and the Young Queen—are knit in closer alliance than ever before. I remember well the occasion on which I first met him, at a dinner-party in a literary house where I have met literally dozens of interesting people. He was then young, at the beginning of his career, with a somewhat shaggy beard, and there was an intensity of gaze in his eye, and an expression of set purpose in his face, which led to the conviction that, although he was struggling then, he would surely succeed. Now he is a well-groomed man with a house in Carlton House Terrace, who has met with great success for that his work was at once delicate and conscientious; and he possesses a charming American wife belonging to that upper stratum of society in the United States which is really more aristocratic in feeling than any society in the world, except perhaps that of Germany. Nor has success spoiled him in the slightest degree. He is still the same modest, sincere, brilliant gentleman who came over to England years ago to try his fortune, and found it.

The *Academy*, I venture to think, is somewhat less generous than it might be in welcoming Mr. Gilbert Parker to Parliament. It says, "We hope his election does not mean that he purposes forsaking fiction, for he writes a good tale in a good style. It would almost seem that his latest book, 'The Lane That Had No Turning,' supported the deduction, for it contains no fewer

than twenty-six short stories and sketches gleaned from the well-harvested levels of the Pontiac mine." Of one thing at any rate the *Academy* may be assured. Even if Mr. Parker's stream of fiction should run dry, which is not in the least



Elliott and Fry. MR. GILBERT PARKER.

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likely, he will certainly never be guilty of so nice a "derangement of epitaphs" as that which I have italicised. The real truth of the matter is that Mr. Parker is one of the few absolutely conscientious writers of our day, and that he devotes an immense amount of time to the study of local colour. He may be relied upon not perhaps for many more books, but for a few, and all of them good.

The subject which has been discussed leads naturally to that of literary men in Parliament, their successes and their failures. Two great figures there have been, of course—Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, both statesmen of the highest order, both of them authors of many books. With the best will in the world, however, I am unable to place the literary works of either on a pedestal. Disraeli's novels were studies of character and of politics, but hardly of life. Mr. Gladstone's works were learned, but dull. On the whole, the preponderance of examples seems to show that success in literature, serious or light, does not go hand in hand with Parliamentary greatness. Mill, for example, might as well have stuck to his books, some of which will never die. Macaulay's "History," crammèl as it is with prejudice and rhetoric, will live, perhaps has lived, long after the statesman has been forgotten. His kinsman, Sir George Trevelyan, has never been the figure in politics which his brilliance as a writer might have led one to expect. Mr. Birrell's shrewd, scintillating, epigrammatic essays are a world better than any speech that he has ever made, and even Mr. Morley is a thousand-fold stronger on paper than on the platform or in the House. It is a curious fact, but the two powers certainly do not seem to go together.

One of the leading publishing houses has recently started upon a new practice, which has its advantages and the reverse. An editor receives a neat little printed slip containing a list of books, with the intimation that any of them which he may desire and specify will be sent to him for review. That, of course, is an advantage in one way, for it wards off a part at least of the avalanche of rubbish which descends in intermittent fashion from the heights of literature. I can conceive, too, that the number of newspapers is so large, and the tax of "review copies" consequently so heavy, that a reduction may be necessary in the interests of author and publisher. But there is one risk about the new departure which seems to me considerable. It may tend to confine reviews to what, without disrespect of any kind, one may call "the old gang," and there is no denying the fact that reviews, whether harsh or favourable, are valuable advertisements to authors and publishers, no less than a guide, more or less trustworthy, to the reading public. To take a concrete example. If I had been asked a few months ago to say whether I cared particularly to see "The Compleat Bachelor," by Oliver Onions, the odds are that, never having heard of that young, clever, and promising writer, I should have said "No," unless, indeed, I had noticed that the publisher was Mr. Murray, who will by no means publish rubbish. But it is quite possible for a brilliant young man's first work to fall into the hands of a publisher whose name is the very reverse of a guarantee of merit, and therein lies a real difficulty.

An example of the kind of review which may be useful without being kind occurs in the current number of the *Academy*. There, under the title of "A Word to the Aspiring," Mr. George Knight is told in a paternal fashion, to the length of three columns, of his many faults manifested in "A Son of Austerity." Now that review is going to send me, partly in a spirit of sheer contradiction, to Mr. George Knight. The criticism itself strikes me as being hardly just. Here is an example:

"What is my father like?" he enquired.

"His mother lifted her hand and struck him upon the cheek—a desperate, vicious blow, that stamped a quadruple bar of scarlet on a saffron ground. Paul's clenched fingers leapt to a level with his elbow; then dropped.

"I think you forget yourself," he observed, icily.

"It will be noticed that Mr. Knight, too, has forgotten himself; though we have no wish to say it icily. He has a literary, but not a moral, understanding of the situation he has created in these lines. Murder is lovely and pleasant compared with a blow on a man's cheek struck by his mother in vicious anger and jealousy. We doubt whether the situation is ever required—is ever justified—in fiction or drama. But waiving that, what are we to say of the art which thinks it is fulfilling itself by adding in one breath that the blow 'stamped a quadruple bar of scarlet on a saffron ground'? And yet Mr. Knight has only committed, in exemplary degree, an error that is nearly as common as ink. It is the fallacy of sight. It is the tyranny of the thing seen."

Now this, it seems to me, is hard on Mr. Knight. His language may be called high-flown, his description of the hero's complexion (if the man who is slapped by the hero) is unhappy; but the principle enunciated by the *Academy* is surely a little absurd. No lady ought to box her grown-up son's ears, but it has been done, and

it leaves a red mark if it be done heartily; and to say that murder is lovely and pleasant compared to a box on the ear or a slap on the face is, well—

Books to order from the library:

- "Quisanté." Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)
- "The Heart's Highway." M. E. Wilkins. (Murray.)
- "Tongues of Conscience." R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
- "The Footsteps of a Throne." Max Pemberton. (Methuen.)
- "Servants of Sin." J. Bloundelle-Burton. (Methuen.)
- "Sport and Travel." Selous. (Longmans.)
- "Autumns in Argyleshire with Rod and Gun." Hon. A. E. Gathorne Hardy. (Longmans.)

LOOKER-ON.



THE Cesarewitch week is always the most popular of the Newmarket reunions, and the race itself is, in many respects, the most interesting of the year, more especially as it affords a genuine test of stamina, and cannot possibly be won by anything but a thorough stayer. Our cup races can be and have been won by horses whose *forte* is speed, though this is less probable now that the American jockeys have taught ours the value of a true pace. In the old days it was uncommon thing to see two or three runners cantering for the greater part of the Ascot Cup distance and then racing home over the last half mile or so. In this way Morion, from superior speed and class, won his Ascot Cup, though his best course was no doubt a mile; but when in the same year he essayed the Cesarewitch, and as a Cup winner was much fancied for it, he was fairly strung out by the varminty Ragimunde, who more than distanced him. What an afternoon that was! The rains descended and the floods came, and, worse still, a race or two after the big one there was a terrific hailstorm, which caused all the hacks to stampede, while the horses that had gone down to start for a race became fairly panic-stricken, and, dashing over the rails, in several instances got rid of their jockey and galloped to the top of the town. There is no place where bad weather makes itself more thoroughly felt than on Newmarket Heath, and, on the other hand, a bright, clear day there is proportionately enjoyable. But now that the Cesarewitch is over we are looking forward to the Cambridgeshire, which, however, does not present the customary difficulties to those who wish to find the winner. This statement is made in view of what The Raft can do with Mount Prospect. On the test gallop of these two Mr. Abe Bailey was quite satisfied that The Raft's Cambridgeshire chance would be of the most undeniable character should Mount Prospect finish in the first four for the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton Park. Inasmuch, then, as the son of Gallinule won that race quite easily, The Raft's prospects must be bright indeed. He is a powerful chestnut three year old colt, by Orme out of that good mare Float, by Sheen out of Footlight (dam also of Glare, Serpentine, etc.). This is the famous Paradigm family, from which so many great winners have come, from Lord Lyon and Achievement down to Ladas and the Australian mare La Carabine. It is, in fact, one of the very best branches of the No. 1 family. The Raft is rather short in his forehead, after the manner of his grandsire, Ormonde, and many of the best descendants of that horse, not excepting Flying Fox. He has a very big black birthmark on his near quarter, and he is a model of substance with adequate quality. It may be thought somewhat strange that he should be a chestnut, for both his sire and dam are bays, as also his two grandsires and grandams; but it is clear, of course, that he derived his colour from the combination in his pedigree of Bend Or with two strains of Rataplan (on the dam's side). As a two year old it was found that he could not be trained, and so forfeit was declared for him in his valuable weight-for-age engagements; but thanks to the care and skill of F. W. Day, all has gone well with him this year, and when he ran at the last Goodwood Meeting he was backed as if the race was as good as over, and won with consummate ease. Why the handicappers who thus saw his only outing of this year thereupon assumed that he was of 15lb. worse class than La Roche, and gave him 7st. 10lb. for the Cambridgeshire, it is difficult to understand, for those who know most about him have an idea that he is the best of his year and may even be a second Flying Fox. Of course these good things do not always come off. There can be no possible doubt, for example, that Nunsuch would have won the Cambridgeshire easily, but she and several others that year were left at the post. Then, again, we saw Kilcock beaten for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, though on all form he had about 2st. in hand; but it is absurd to anticipate incidents of this kind; they simply serve as a warning not to be too confident in anything. The Raft will have the services of Maher as his jockey, and that is a great point, for Maher is quite one of the best of the American professionals, so that there is no great likelihood of his not getting off well or suffering in any way from injudicious handling during the race. In short, The Raft would seem to be as great a certainty as you can ever find in racing.

The race for the Duke of York Stakes presented the curious feature of there being three equal first favourites,



W. A. Rouch. THE PARADE FOR THE DUKE OF YORK STAKES.

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W. A. Rouch.

AUSTRALIAN STAR LEADS THE WAY.

C. pyright

none of whom were very seriously backed until the day, and one of them, Merry Gal, was not expected to go to the post.

Australian Star was said to have done something wonderful with The Grafter, but the report was greatly exaggerated, and the horse's owner was by no means confident that he would do more than get a place, which he all but did. Probably he is only just coming to his true form, and as he certainly looked somewhat big in condition, he may run better for the Cambridgeshire after having had a further spell of strong work. He was a distinctly good performer in Australia, but got out of the winning vein when Mr. Gollan bought him, and was beaten in three successive races before coming here. He is in good hands, however, and I feel sure Hickey will get a nice race out of him; but The Grafter will probably be the Cambridgeshire champion of that stable, and despite his 9st. 5lb. the old warrior is certain to make a great show, though it is too much to ask him to concede 23lb. to such a highly-tried three year old as The Raft. Merry Gal ran badly at Kempton, and this discounts any chance La Roche may be supposed to have for the Cambridgeshire, for Merry Gal actually beat her in their places for the Doncaster Cup. Still, there is no doubt La Roche is a good filly when well, and she will doubtless render a good account of herself.

OUTPOST.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

SO far autumn cultivation has proceeded very satisfactorily, the sunny September helping to prepare the land for the sowing of winter wheat, which has been carried out under favourable conditions, and should, bar accident, result in fine level crops. October entered with not unreasonable rain and wind, and the pastures are fresh and good for the time of the year, so that it is still possible to husband the winter feed, particularly the spruce crops. Prices, too, though not sensational, are comparatively good, all kinds of grain selling better than at this time last year, and the meat market remaining firm, so that the outlook cannot be described as bad, though good, as yet, may be too positive a term. No further outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease has been reported, and it appears that the suspected case in Perthshire has, on investigation, been found to be something else, as the local restrictions have now been removed. It may, therefore, fairly be hoped that the pest is in the way of being extirpated, and that soon no foreign country will have an excuse for closing its ports to the entry of British cattle.

The following figures, culled from a report made by the American Consul at Liverpool, are especially interesting as following the Dairy Show. They show the extraordinary increase in Canadian exportation that has been going on for some years past. The value is given in dollars:

Articles.	1896.	1898.	Increase per cent.
Cheese ...	13,956,571	17,572,763	25
Butter ...	1,052,089	2,046,686	94
Pork, bacon, and ham	4,446,884	8,092,930	82
Eggs ...	807,086	1,255,304	55

Since 1898 the rate of increase has been accelerated. During the same period Danish bacon, eggs, and dairy produce have come to this country in equally enlarged proportions, and that is true also of our Australasian colonies. Our people say, of course, that they are swamped by the low prices, and they do not like to be told that they must learn to fight their competitors with their own weapons. If at these distant parts of the earth shrewd business men, taking into account the cost of transport, still find it profitable to place shilling a pound factory-made butter on the London market, surely there ought to be a way for English farmers to do the same.

These things all hang together, and really want organisation by a good business head. A lament is raised because the agricultural returns show a great falling off in the number of pigs kept in England, while all the time there is an excellent market for hams and bacon, on which farmers abroad thrive. But if in all regions beyond what we may call the profitable milk-producing area co-operative dairies were established, pigs would inevitably increase, for they are natural consumers of the bye-products of a dairy, and are a source of solid profit to such butter factories as already exist. So with poultry. It is of little use to advocate heroic measures for increasing the supply of eggs and chickens, but if the proper type of holding were set going their production would follow as a matter of course. It would certainly be an advantage if in each district large bacon-curing factories and poultry-fattening establishments were introduced,

but if we wait till a royal road be cleared we are likely to wait for one. The Board of Agriculture would do well to take a more active initiative in these matters. Abroad we find that politicians do not hesitate to take a practical share in directing the course of agriculture, and we can no longer afford to have officials who do not follow their example.

In the columns of a contemporary, Mr. Hedger Wallace offers a useful supplement to what has recently been said about the wages of the agricultural labourer. He finds that in Sweden a great increase has taken place, from an average of 1s. 4d. to 2s. 1d. per day. A similar remark is made in regard to Denmark, though in regard to the latter country we notice that the figures given by him are lower than those actually paid at the farm of Sofendal; but as he quotes an average for 1892 this may easily be accounted for. In France wages appear to be practically at a standstill, since the fluctuation only amounts to about a halfpenny per week in ten years in the case of those boarded in the house, while there is a falling off in the other. In regard to other countries, the statements made are only general. We are glad

to see the topic raised, but at the same time it may be necessary to point out that the figures are not worth much for purposes of comparison, since no mention is made of the advantages or disadvantages connected with the labourer's life. For instance, in Denmark a great many of the men have peasant holdings, and if they have time to cultivate them it would make a great difference. Before instituting any comparison it would be necessary to send an English commissioner into these countries, so that, point by point, he should consider how one stands as regards the other.

Lord Llangattock's Shire sale is an important event to breeders. It will take place at the Hendre Stud, Monmouth, on October 18th, and will include ten mares, most of them in foal to that grand horse Prince Harold. Several are well known in the showyard, as, for instance, Roch's Glory, Lady Touch-Me-Not, Dunsmore Gazelle, and Kelvedon Marguerite. There are twenty-nine foals and fillies, the most notable being Hendre Heiress, by Hendre Crown Prince, by Prince Harold. Of the two year old stallions Hendre Hydrometer, first and champion at York, is sure to command a big price. There are also some good yearling colts, one being Victor of Waresley, by Waresley Triumph out of Packington, a winner at York. It is three years since Lord Llangattock had his first sale, and the average yielded there was little short of £200. At the Lockinge sale early in the year, four of the offspring of the Hendre Stud horse, Prince Harold, brought close upon £600 each. We may confidently look forward, therefore, to the great sale records being seriously contested.



BORES ON THE PARRET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue (September 15th), in an article on bores, I see it is stated that on the river Parret there has not been a bore since 1857. This statement is, I should like to point out, erroneous. About six or eight years ago—I have no doubt that if the matter is one which you consider of sufficient interest I could find the exact date—I was one of a picnic party who went from Langport by barge to Bridgwater, where we had to wait to be carried home. The affair is clearly stamped upon my memory, as we were told the bore would come up at seven o'clock (p.m.), whereas it did not come till nine. The result was that, instead of arriving home on Saturday night, a very cross, tired, and untidy barge-load of picnickers arrived home in the early hours of a July Sunday morning. I have no doubt that, as the picnic was arranged some weeks previously by our host, who was aware (from a bargeman's information) that there would be a bore, the bore on stated occasions makes its way up the river Parret. On this particular occasion it was at least 3ft. high at Bridgwater Bridge, and travelling at the rate of about eight miles an hour.—CARLTON STUBBS.

PLANTING A ROUGH BANK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have just taken in your beautiful paper, and see that you help those who wish for information about their gardens. Well, I am in a fix about a rough bank; I want it a mass of colour—not any set pattern, but a rough-and-tumble grouping of things like furze. It is exposed to sun and air, and, I should think, would grow almost anything. Your kind advice will be much appreciated, and I fancy this is a topic that would interest others. A friend of mine was asking me about a similar bank some time ago.—D.

A rough bank, well placed, as you say yours is, may be made quite beautiful by the right use of a few common shrubs. Of course, the sheet anchor is gorse; its colour is very charming and dense and the growth is spreading and picturesque—just the kind of thing for a rough bank. We advise you to purchase transplanted seedlings, and by this we mean seedlings that have been

prepared in the nursery for removal in this way. Perhaps you are aware that gorse is very troublesome to move unless it is quite in its early stages. Seedlings not transplanted are apt to fail, but the plants are quite reasonable in price. If you care to go to extra expense, you may put in amongst the common gorse some of the double kind; this has a very double flower, of deep yellow, and by reason of its greater substance lasts longer in beauty. Mix with the gorse the broom, but put more of the former than of the latter. If you care to, you may also plant some of the Spanish broom and the late-flowering *Genista virgata*. Amongst the shrubs sow or plant foxgloves, and in the open spaces common primroses and perennial sunflowers and asters for the autumn. We rather like the effect of sunflower and aster (*Michaelmas daisy*) in the late autumn.—ED.]



WELSH MOUNTAIN PONY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being interested in your recent article and illustrations of mountain ponies owned by the Duchess of Newcastle, I thought perhaps the photograph of Ladybird might interest some of your readers, being a good type of pure Welsh mountain pony, with characteristic Arab head, in fact, the type of a miniature Arab, but with thorough pony character, very hardy and of great endurance—just the foundation for breeding polo ponies.—S. M. WILMOT.

HARDY FLOWERS IN COLD FRAMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am starting a cold frame of alpine flowers in early spring. Will you kindly tell me if I can succeed with the following selection: *Auriculas*, *Primulas villosa*, *nivalis*, *viscosa*, *ciliata*, *purpurea*, *Clusiana*, *rosea*, *Sieboldi*; *Gentianellas acaulis*, *vera*; *Saxifragas busseriana*, *sancta rocheliana*; *Cotyledon pyramidalis*; also a few pots of double primroses? I am much interested in alpine flowers, and think I might grow these in pots in a cold frame. I have grown the alpine primulas, but fancy they would do better in this way here, as they go off so in the damp, raw spring; not merely from cold—it is the damp. Any help from you about these will be most acceptable. Could I grow a few heaths in this way, such as *Erica carnea alba*? I have two gentians—the heath gentian and the crested gentian. Shall I let them winter in this cold frame?—GLOIRE DE ROSOMANES.

[This subject of growing alpine and hardy flowers in pots is very interesting, and some remarks we made in the early summer called forth many enquiries as to the way to proceed. You may grow all the things named in pots, and double primroses are very pretty in this way, especially the old double crimson Pompadour. Many of the double varieties are very susceptible to damping off; they are often most perplexing. Many possessors of small gardens get much pleasure out of growing hardy flowers in pots, and they are especially welcome when those outside have not yet flowered. Yes; you could certainly grow a few heaths—the one named, and the pretty bell-flowered *Dabecia polifolia* and its white variety. The gentians would succeed quite well in the frame. The writer enjoys in pots many of the bulbs. Daffodils are charming in this way, so also are snowdrops, the winter aconite, hardy cyclamens, fritillaries, and many of the bulbous irises—*I. bakeriana*, *I. Danfordiae*, *I. reticulata*, perfumed with the fragrance of violets, as the flowers, so beautiful in colour and perfume, are brought under the eye. If you had a little cold plant house, as at Kew, you could, of course, grow a larger collection. This house, in the early year, when the garden is flowerless outside, is quite bright with colour: Primroses, auriculas, the primulas you mention, daffodils, fritillaries, *Primula Sieboldi* (which is a great success), *Schizocodon soldanelloides*, *Cheiranthus Marshalli*, *Saxifraga lusseriana* and its variety major, the brilliantly-coloured forms of *S. oppositifolia*, and anemones in variety—the early *A. blanda*, *A. nemorosa*, *A. apennina*, *A. sylvestris*, *A. fulgens*, and others. In truth, the number of plants that may be grown easily in this way is almost without limit, and we are pleased that you are taking up such a method of growing many charming flowers.—ED.]

SOME NEW ROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am very grateful for the many hints you give about roses in your weekly "In the Garden," but I have seen no reference to new roses that one might select for the garden, with the full knowledge that they will succeed well. Exhibitions of the flower are no clue to what are really the finest productions, or likely to make the best garden roses—I mean roses for the border and the bed, not merely to give a few flowers of faultless beauty from

the exhibition standpoint. So I appeal to you to help me in the selection, knowing you are always pleased to give advice upon gardening matters.—LADY ROSARIAN.

[You are quite right. An exhibition is not the best place to choose roses for the garden, as nothing there is shown of one of the most important attributes of a rose, that is, its growth. Some, we may say many, roses shown for exhibition are of value only for that purpose; but the following notes may be useful to you. As the subject is of interest, we have answered you at greater length than is customary. Maman Cochet and its white sport are magnificent; the latter, a dangerous rival to The Bride and Maman Cochet, although often producing split blooms, is a good beginner's rose. Mme. Abel Chatenay is a rose that will be found in every garden before long, but not perhaps in the exhibitor's collection. Clara Watson is a lovely rose, and of splendid habit. A great stride has been made in the rich-coloured roses of recent years by the introduction of Marquise Letta, a wonderfully vigorous kind. Amongst more recent introductions, we have the hybrid perpetual Mrs. Cocker, a rose likely to take a leading position for its pure colour. Perhaps the finest of the new tea roses is Mrs. E. Mawley; it must become very popular, as the flower is of more than an ordinary size compared with the growth, and the colour is pretty. We fear, if anything, this will be its one fault, and advise budding; it on standard briars, so that one can look up to the drooping blossoms and thus see their full beauty. Mme. Jacques Chârréton is exceedingly promising; it reminds us somewhat of a Souvenir d'Elise Vardon, but in growth is much better. Further introductions of Mocs. Guillot have added to his reputation for providing many lovely artistic tinted kinds to our collection, the most recent being Souvenir de Catherine Guillot. The later introductions are Margherita di Simone, Mme. Rene de St. Marceau, Souvenir de J. B. Guillot, and Mme. Rene Gerard, all very beautiful; but if they increase in numbers we shall soon need to provide a special class for them under the designation "China tea roses," in which case Laurette Messimy and Mme. Eugene Resal would be the first kinds to add to the new group. It is a pity that greater care is not taken when introducing a new rose to call it by an appropriate name. Grossterzog Ernest Ludwig is called a red Maréchal Niel. One may apply the same remarks to this rose as Dean Hole applied to Isabella Gray when it was reported to be the parent of Maréchal Niel. He said it was as though a dingy old sparrow had hatched out a canary. This so-called red Maréchal Niel is not red at all; in fact, it resembles Souvenir de Mme. Joseph Metral, only it is not half so good as the newer hybrid teas. One of the best is Duc Englebert d'Arenberg; it is white with a faint rose tint, but the great point is its form. This is like a perfect Catherine Mermet produced on a stiff stem. The climbing form of Belle Siebrecht (Mrs. W. J. Grant) is a decided gain. Fine pillars of this variety in large pots would be very useful for the conservatory. As everyone knows by this time, Belle Siebrecht is a magnificent rose, and to have a form of it that makes 7ft. to 8ft. growths in a season is indeed most welcome, and growers of quantities of cut blooms will find it a valuable introduction, for it does not ramble like the climbing sports of many tea roses, and therefore yields no great supply of bloom in proportion to the dwarf roses, but it will flower from base to summit, so that it could be planted in the centre of a moderately tall house and a display of flowers secured, much greater than from the same number of dwarf plants, and with good long stems. Among the miniature roses we have Amelie Luzanne, Morin, a very pretty polyantha rose which blooms almost continuously, and Aurore, an attractive brownish-yellow kind among the Chinas. Corallina is a promising novelty, and will be a valuable addition to our late-flowering garden roses. It is in the way of Papa Gontier, only of stronger growth.—ED.]

A CHANCE VISITOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose you a photograph of a carrier-pigeon, as I think it may interest you. Last month when I was yachting in the Western Highlands, this pigeon came on board off Loch Carron. It had evidently come a long way, as it was quite exhausted. We gave it some water and rice, and afterwards the sailors took it down to the fo'c's'le for the night. The next morning the pigeon was offered its liberty, but showed no wish to leave us. It sat all the forenoon on the rigging, occasionally circling round and round the yacht. About twelve o'clock it was chased by a hawk and flew quite out of sight, so we thought we had seen the last of our pigeon. That afternoon we anchored in Toler nory



Bay. At five o'clock the pigeon flew down into the fo'c's'le and hopped on to the table where the men were having tea. This was all the more remarkable, as lying beside us were two other white yachts exactly the same size as our own. For another day the pigeon sailed with us, then we turned to go North, when it left us, showing that its destination was in the South, and that it had only wanted a little lift on its journey. I thought you might like to put the photograph in your paper if you consider it good enough. You have so many interesting little anecdotes of birds and animals, and I do think that finding out our yacht showed great cleverness on the part of the pigeon.—HELEN WALLACE.